

1907



The MORNING WATCH.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

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The Morning Watch.

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Volume 20.

EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW :

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JOHN MENZIES & CO., LTD. JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS, LTD. THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

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What is thy Name?

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January, 1907.

One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. I.



" Oh I hope I'll manage to wind this skein better than I did the last ! "

THE MORNING WATCH for 1906, Volume XIX., is NOW READY. Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., and XVIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

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1st January, 1907.

WHAT are you to be doing on New Year's Day?

Some of you will be going to church, some to visit your grandfathers and grandmothers and uncles and aunts and cousins, some will be having a little "party" at home, and some will be going a long walk into the country or taking a trip into town by train. Others of you will have no place to go to, and no friends to visit, while to some, no doubt, the day will bring grief and disappointment, or, sorest of all—which may God in His mercy prevent—shame at the hands of those who ought to show you love and honour.

Here is what Matthew Henry the Commentator did on the 1st of January, 1707, exactly two hundred years ago:

"My own act and deed, through the grace of God, I have made it many a time, and now I make it the first act of this New Year, to resign myself afresh to the Lord, not only for the year ensuing, but for my whole life, and for ever."

Do you the same. Do it on your knees by word of mouth, or, still better, do it in writing, making a Covenant with Christ that shall never be forgotten. Do that, and your pleasures will be magnified and multiplied beyond all reckoning. Do it, and there will be patience, calmness, and joy, even in your tribulation.

Who can tell but, two hundred years from now, on New Year's Day, 2107, there may come "a writing" from you and me to some that shall be living then, as there has come a writing from Matthew Henry, and from God, to us to-day?

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

"The word that is the Symbol of Myself."—Tennyson.

"Since I understood the meaning of my own Name, it hath been of some use to me: I pray that it may be so also to thee."—Walter Pringle of Greenknow, a Covenanter, writing to his child, 16th March, 1663.

(Continued from Vol. XIX., page 137.)

What
is thy
name?

These notes on Women's Names were begun in the January Number of *The Morning Watch*, 1899. The Names that have since been gone over month by month are these: in 1899, Abigail, Adah, Adelaide,

What
is thy
name?

Agnes, Alice, Alison, Amelia, Annie ; in 1900, Arabella, Augusta, Barbara, Beatrice, Bethia, Blanche, Bridget, Candace, Caroline, Catherine, Cecilia, Charlotte, Christina, Clara ; in 1901, Clotilda, Constance, Cordelia, Cornelia, Deborah, Dorothy, Edith, Eleanor, Elizabeth, Elspeth, Emily, Emma, Esther, Eunice, Euphemia ; in 1902, Flora, Florence, Frances, Georgiana, Gertrude, Grace, Grizel, Gulielma, Hannah, Helen, Henrietta, Hester ; in 1903, Isabella, Jane, Janet, Jean, Jemima, Joan, Jocosa, Joyce, Judith, Julia : in 1904, Juliana, Laura, Letitia, Lettice, Lily, Louisa, Lucy, Lydia, Mabel, Magdalen, Margaret, in 1905, Marian, Marianne, Marion, Marjory, Martha, Matilda, Maud, May, Mercy, Mildred, Millicent ; and in 1906, Miriam, Muriel, Olive, Olympia, Patience, Patricia, Penelope, Penuel, Philadelphia, Philippa, Phoebe, Phyllis, Pleasance, Priscilla, Prudence, Rachel, Rebecca, and Robina—98 in all. There are about twenty still to do, if all goes well, but the end of this list, in any case, cannot now be far off.

Rose.

RHODA, which is Greek for ROSE, is one of the only two young girls whose names are mentioned in the Bible. She was one of those who sat up praying for Peter when he was in prison; Acts 12, 12, and when the Angel set him free and Peter came to the door, she "knew his voice," but "opened not the gate for gladness." Miriam, as we see from her clever speech to Pharaoh's daughter, is the type of the girl who keeps her wits about her in an emergency. Rhoda, on the other hand, lost her head, yet thereby gained her crown! All wise teachers and examiners know that, now and again, more capacity is shown by a blunder than by a correct answer to a question, and in some such cases they are justified in giving the scholar or the student the highest possible marks. So it was with Rhoda. Our Lord promises a reward to those who "take the stranger in"; but Rhoda entered into the joy of her Lord because she did *not* take the stranger in, but left him knocking at the door!

At two o'clock on the morning of the 7th March, 1557, in the reign of "Bloody" Mary—a name she won for herself by her fierce persecution of her Protestant subjects—Edmund Tyrrel, one of the justices of the neighbourhood, came to take ROSE ALLIN and her father and mother prisoners to convey them to Colchester Castle in Essex. The mother, being very sick, and having desired that her daughter might fetch her a drink, Rose went for it, taking a stone pot in one hand and a candle in the other. Tyrrel met her on the way back, and after a little talk said, "Then I perceive you will burn with the rest for company's sake." "No, sir, not for company's sake, but for my Christ's sake, if so I be compelled; and I hope in His mercy if He call me to it, He will enable me to bear it." So he, turning to his company, said, "Sirs, this gossip will burn, do you not think it?" "Prove her," quoth one, "and you will see what she will do by and by."

Then Tyrrel, taking the candle from her, held her wrist and the burning candle under her hand, burning cross-wise over the back thereof so long till the very sinews cracked asunder, saying often to

What
is thy
name?

Rose.

her meanwhile, "Why, wilt thou not cry? wilt thou not cry?" Unto which she always answered that she had no cause, she thanked God, but rather to rejoice; he had more cause to weep than she, if he considered the matter well.

After the sinews broke he thrust her from him. Then she said, "Sir, have ye done what ye will do?" And he said, "Yea, and if ye think it be not well, then mend it." "Mend it! nay, the Lord mend you and give you repentance, if it be His will. And now, if you think it good, begin at the feet and burn to the head also, for he that set you on the work shall pay you your wages one day, I warrant you." And so she went and carried her mother drink.

"While my one hand was a-burning," Rose said afterwards, "I having a pot in my other might have laid him on the face with it, if I had would, for no man held my hand to let (that is, to hinder) me therein. But I thank God with all my heart I did it not." "But was not the pain very great?" "It was some grief to me at first, but afterwards the longer I burned the less I felt, or well near none at all."

On the forenoon of the 2nd August, six martyrs were burnt at Colchester, amid cries from a witnessing multitude of—"The Lord strengthen thee," "The Lord comfort thee." In the afternoon of the same day other four suffered "with joy and triumph," and amongst these was our Rose. "Thus ended," says the old chronicler, "all these glorious ten souls that day their happy lives unto the Lord, whose ages did grow to the sum of 406 years or thereabout."

"Manum amisit, sed Palmam retinuit," *Lost her Hand, but kept the palm* (the palm of victory), says Thomas Fuller, applying to her what was said of Caius Mucius Scaevola, a brave Roman youth, who, when threatened by King Porsenna with death by burning if he would not reveal the whole story of a conspiracy, thrust his right hand into the flame of an altar that was standing close by, and held it with unmoved countenance till it was consumed, saying, "See how little thy tortures can avail to make a brave man tell the secrets that have been entrusted to him."

Walter Savage Landor, 1775-1864, has a little poem in which an old man thus addresses the little grandchild to whom he has presented a posy:

This is the first I offer thee,
Sweet baby! Many more shall rise
From trembling hand, from bended knee,
Mid hopes and fears, mid doubts and sighs,

Before that hour my eyes will close,
But grant me, God, this one desire—
In mercy, may my little ROSE
Never be grafted on a Briar.

That is to say, if it were God's will that his little Rose should be married in the years to come when he was dead, he prayed that she might be married "in the Lord," not unequally yoked to an unbeliever, but joined to a good man. For it is a very awful thing both for this world and the next, when a girl takes up with foolish or

What
is thy
name?

ROSE.

ungodly companions, as did ROSE BELL, "so clever and so pretty," of whom Mrs. Browning says :

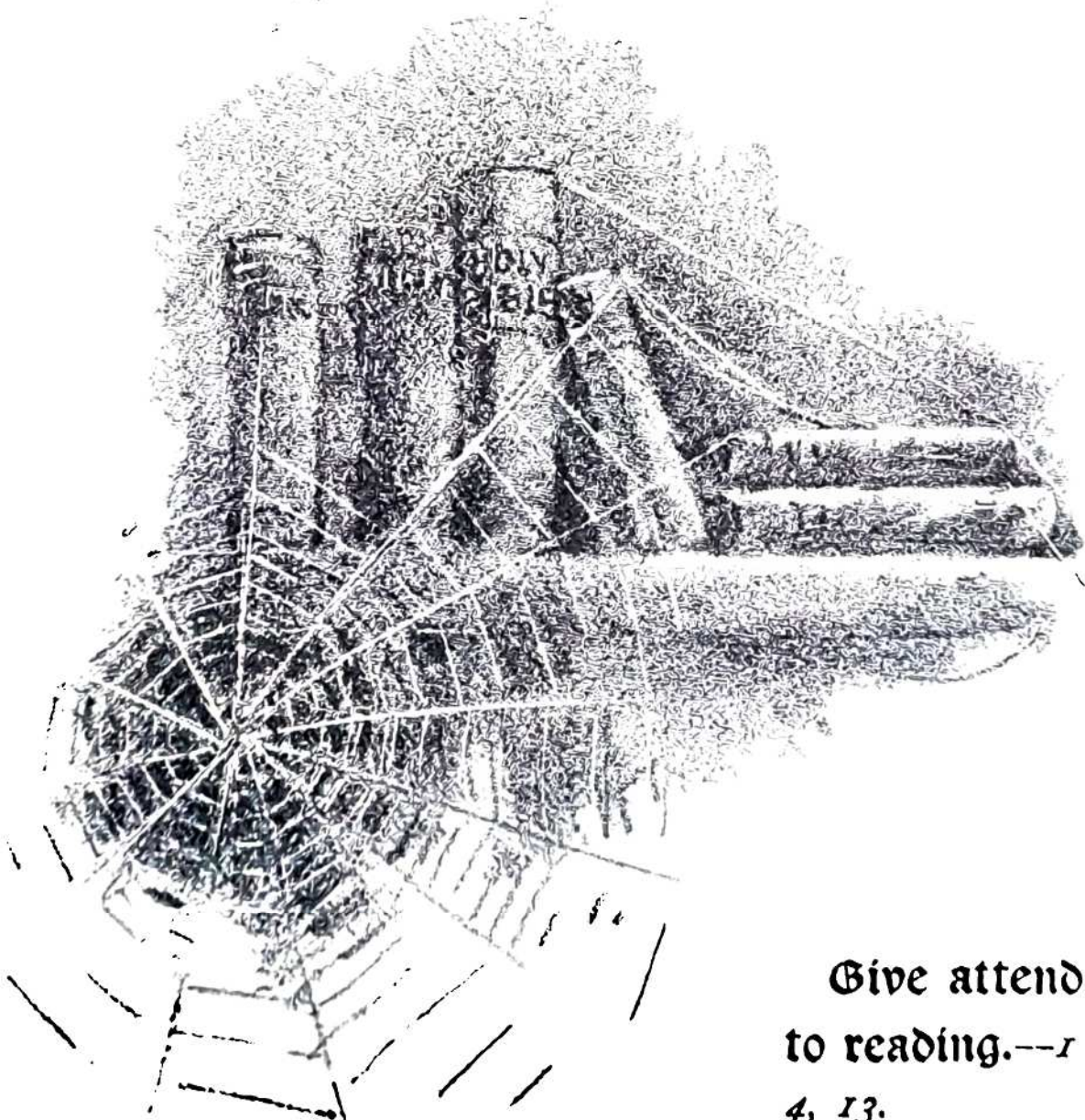
" Poor Rose !

I heard her laugh last night in Oxford Street :
I'd pour out half my blood to stop that laugh.
Poor Rose, poor Rose ! "

Mrs. Fenton, a cousin of the ever-to-be-remembered Indian heroes, Lord Lawrence and Sir Henry Lawrence, tells in her *Journals* that, as she sailed up the Ganges in 1827, she came to a town called Rajmahal, and saw there a tomb with these five words on it, and no more :

" To the memory of ROSE."

" As I gazed upon them," she adds, " a saddening influence came over me. For the moment, time and eternity seemed blended into one." The Ganges many years ago suddenly abandoned its old channel, and Rajmahal now lies high and dry three miles from the river.



Give attendance
to reading.--1 Tim.
4, 13.



"The sun ariseth, they lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labour until the evening."—Ps. 104, 22.

ΕΡΧΕΤΑΙ ΝΤΞ.

έρχεται νδξ.

A FEW weeks ago a clock was put up in one of our Greenock churches in memory of an elder,

held high in honour, who died a good many years ago. On the base of the clock are printed the two strange-looking words in capital letters that are in the first line at

the head of this article. The second line contains the same words, only in smaller letters.

On the Sabbath after, the minister told his people that these were the words which Dr. Samuel Johnson got engraved on the face of his watch, and Sir Walter Scott had put them on the dial in his garden at Abbotsford, and the great and godly Robert M'Cheyne of Dundee had also used them as his seal. Further, he told them that they were words uttered by our Lord, and that they were taken from John 9, 4, *the night cometh*. A common clock, he told them too, tells us simply *what the time is*, but this one, whose motto was a message in our Saviour's Own words, was meant to tell us what *Time itself* is—the road and the borderland to Eternity, the season in which we are to ask Christ to work His work in us, that work of our salvation which it is His joy and His honour and His glory to do.

Next he told them that the first word means *cometh*, and that it is pronounced *er ch ě tai*, the third letter in it like our X being the Greek for ch, the letter with which the name *Christ* begins; and that the second word was *nux*, pronounced *nooks*, and that it was the same as the Latin word *nox*, from which comes our word *nocturnal*, which means *night*.

Lastly he told them that the words were printed in Greek and not in English, in order that by their strange look they might the more readily arrest attention

specially from strangers, and make them think, and put questions, and receive courteous and wise answers; but that they were put there, above all, according to the wise custom of our forefathers, who loved to put Greek and Latin mottoes on their houses and their schools, to stir the imagination of the young, and make them eager to be scholars, and fond to know Greek, which is the noblest language that ever was, the one that was chosen and prepared by God for the unfolding of the eternal purpose of His love to us through Jesus Christ.

On the Tuesday after, a young lad in the congregation, who is on the staff of our Town's Gas Office, who had said the words over and over again on the Sabbath evening to fix them in his mind, had occasion to call at a house whose occupants, a woman and her little boy, had what he took to be an Italian name. Our town, like so many others in Scotland is overrun with those Italian shops which no wise boy or girl will ever once enter. "No," said the boy, "we are Greeks, not Italians."

The young man, finding some difficulty in examining the meter, for the short December day was far spent, struck a match, but instead of saying "*It's getting dark*," as he would have done in ordinary circumstances, happily bethought him of speaking Greek as the Apostle Paul did on a great occasion, and said, "*Erchetai Nux*"—to the great delight of the woman, to whom these words in her own tongue in

a foreign land were as cold waters to a thirsty soul.

I know a man who as he was going up the steps of his hotel in Rio Janeiro overheard, with a joy that lasts to this day, one man say to another, "as *Logic Bob* used to say." *Logic Bob* was the name the students used to give to a Professor Buchanan, who once held and adorned the chair of Logic and Rhetoric in Glasgow University. And these two words, as you may guess, led to an instant and a happy introduction.

So was it with this woman and our Greek friend, who, ere she knew it, was brought, in a sense, like her famous compatriots of old, into the presence of Jesus. Using her little boy as interpreter, she heard the story of the words.

Everything good that one learns in this world comes in handy some time or other. Keep a thing seven years, the old folks used to say, and you will find a use for it. But here was a lad who realised his investment of knowledge—two seemingly small fishes, yet fishes in which the name of Christ may be seen—with interest before forty-eight hours had passed! And he was not a moment too soon, for by the Friday after, the Greeks had left our town. But who can say how many these fishes may feed, and how many baskets full of fragments there may be taken up besides?

"I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work."

"The Disaster Day."

THAT is the name given in Eyemouth in Berwickshire to Friday, the 14th October, 1881, for on that day a hundred and twenty-nine men, more than half of the fishermen of the town were lost at sea.

To preserve an accurate record of that fearful day, and to help to raise money to put up some fitting memorial of it, the Rev. Daniel M'Iver, one of the ministers of the place, has written a book, *An Old-Time Fishing Town, Its History, Romance, and Tragedy*,* and has written it most worthily.

That Friday morning seems to have been as beautiful as a morning could well be, a bright sun, a cloudless sky, and a perfectly calm sea. As the fisher-lads passed on their way to the harbour, the women, their mothers, wives, and daughters, who had been busy for hours before baiting the hooks, saluted them with the words, "What a graun' day!" "Aye!" was each man's answer, "but the glass never was sae low." And therein lies the tragedy of that never-to-be-forgotten day—the men had fair warning! For the public weather-glass, hung up near the pier-end, showed a very low barometer, 28.45; it had fallen a whole inch through the night. Many would willingly have stayed at home that morning. There was one man, for instance, who determined not to sail. His sons, however, were

* Published by James M'Kelvie & Sons, Greenock; and by John Menzies & Co., Edinburgh and Glasgow; price 5/-

eager to go, and one of them unfastened the ropes which bound their vessel to the quay. The father tied them again, and the sons loosened them again, and once more the father tied them, and then the sons reproached him with cowardice. "Very well, but ye'll be vexed for this before the day is over!" And so they would be, for none of them came back.

"It is something approaching to a point of honour," says Mr. M'Iver, "that if one boat should sail, the others must attempt to follow." And so it was that day. First one, then another, and then the rest together, away for the haddock-fishing grounds, eight or nine miles off. "How beautifully close they are!" said a landsman to an old retired fisherman. "Aye, but they'll no be sae close thegither when they come hame."

It was 8 a.m. when the fishing-fleet sailed, it was 11.30, as their lines were being shot, when first there came a "horrible stillness," and then, as it were in one instant, the sky grew black and the storm burst.

And so these hundred and twenty-nine men were lost through a point of honour! Who was the first to let go, and hoist his sail that day? Was it some brave lad fighting against fear? or some thrifty fisherman who thought of the verse in Ecclesiastes, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap?" or was it some one of large experience who had found the glass false before, answering to a storm

that passed far overhead, and never touched the sea, or touched it only seventy miles away? or was it some reckless Hiel the Bethelite who feared neither God nor man? Who knows? This only do we know—one went, and the rest felt bound to follow.

There are two things you ought to pray for.

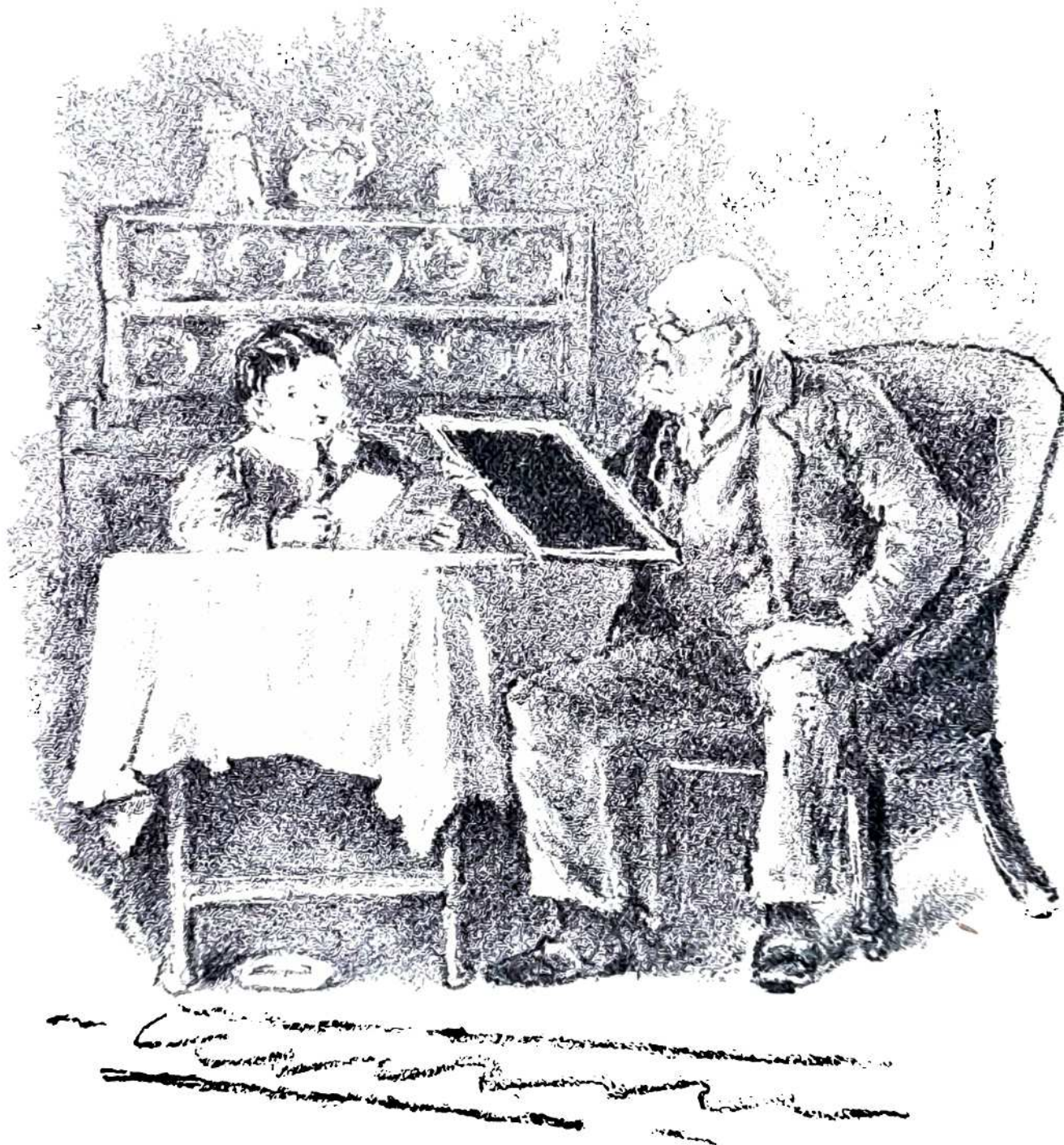
1. Those of you who are older, specially you who have little brothers and sisters, should ask God to keep you from ever *giving* others a wrong lead, or a bad example.

2. Those of you who are younger should ask God to keep you from *taking* a wrong lead. "Follow your leader" through thick and thin, but only so far as your leader follows the right road. Just as a watch or a clock may be wrong, so a boy's or a man's or a whole nation's code of "honour" may be all wrong too. And as you would compare the one with "Greenwich time," so, likewise, compare the other with the Word of God. To the law and to the testimony! as Isaiah says. That is the only touchstone of right and wrong.

I hope none of you will ever be a coward. Be bold! Be bold! but—Be not too bold! He is a brave man who would rather fight against the whole world than fight against God. You should learn by heart the two great lines in which Tennyson sums up the brave Lancelot's one terrible mistake:

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

A Poser!



"Is that right, Grandfather?"

"Eh? . . . well . . . yes . . . precisely so . . . but I don't quite . . . You see, if I did it for you, that wouldn't do you any good . . . But . . . Read the question over again. . . . I think there's something wrong with my spectacles!"



Reasons for not going to Church. 9th Series.—No. 1.

This old gentleman has not gone to church for four years because he catches cold readily in his head, and he doesn't like to wear his black velvet skullcap in church. He thinks it doesn't become him, and though his family seat is the backmost one he would always be afraid somebody would turn round and smile. And yet on New Year's Day, to please his grandchildren, he wore a fool's cap which he got in a "cracker" all afternoon, and so completely did he forget he had it on, that he went out and crossed the street to buy an evening newspaper without taking it off. Then, when his eldest son checked him and asked him what people would think who saw him with a thing like that on his head, his answer was, "If there is one thing more than another that I have been labouring to impress upon you all my life, it is —never to mind what people think."

| | | |
|----|----|--|
| TU | 1 | Tell His disciples, that HE GOETH BEFORE YOU.— <i>Mark 16, 7.</i> |
| W | 2 | Jesus went with them.— <i>Luke 24, 15.</i> |
| TH | 3 | At the commandment of the Lord they encamped, |
| F | 4 | And at the commandment of the Lord they journeyed.— <i>Num. 9, 23 (R. V.).</i> |
| S | 5 | This God will be our guide even unto death.— <i>Ps. 48, 14.</i> "I recall an inscription which I found on one of our family tombstones long ago— <i>'Learn to die.'</i> "— <i>Prince Hohenlohe's Memoirs.</i> |
| S | 6 | My Father worketh even until now.— <i>John 5, 17 (R. V.).</i> |
| M | 7 | And I work. (God is never idle). In 1852 Captain Michell, R.N., in his 64th year asked a day's leave. His Admiral said, "I do not like officers asking for leave often. Pray when did you have leave last?" "Well, sir," was the answer, "Lord Collingwood gave me six weeks' leave 46 years ago." |
| TU | 8 | We must work.— <i>John 9, 4 (R. V.).</i> |
| W | 9 | He gave authority to His servants, |
| TH | 10 | And to every man his work. |
| F | 11 | Watch, lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping.— <i>Mark 13, 34,</i> |
| S | 12 | Shewing thyself an ensample of good works.— <i>Titus 2, 7 (R. V.).</i> |
| S | 13 | And the Lord said, I know their sorrows.— <i>Ex. 3, 7.</i> |
| M | 14 | O that my vexation were but weighed,— <i>Job 6, 1 (R. V.).</i> |
| TU | 15 | And my calamity laid in the balances together. My icy wisdom and my sneers Are frozen tears. — <i>Alexander Smith.</i> |
| W | 16 | Harden not your heart.— <i>Ps. 95, 8.</i> |
| TH | 17 | Let all bitterness be put away from you.— <i>Eph. 4, 31.</i> |
| F | 18 | Thou has chastised me, and I was chastised.— <i>Jer. 31, 18.</i> |
| S | 19 | O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger.— <i>Ps. 6, 1.</i> |
| S | 20 | Fools despise wisdom.— <i>Prov. 1, 7.</i> |
| M | 21 | Shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction : |
| TU | 22 | But he that regardeth reproof shall be honoured.— <i>Pro. 13, 18.</i> |
| W | 23 | Get wisdom.— <i>Prov. 4, 5.</i> "What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts (the first Greek sailors)?" said Dr. Johnson to the boy who was rowing him to Greenwich. "I would give what I have, Sir." The Doctor was much pleased with the answer and gave him double fare. |
| TH | 24 | Wisdom is better than rubies.— <i>Prov. 8, 11.</i> |
| F | 25 | The knowledge of the Holy One is understanding.— <i>Prov. 9, 10 (R. V.).</i> |
| S | 26 | Christ the wisdom of God.— <i>1 Cor. 1, 24.</i> |
| S | 27 | They regard not the operation of His hands.— <i>Ps. 28, 5.</i> |
| M | 28 | I will now turn aside, and see this great sight.— <i>Ex. 3, 5.</i> |
| TU | 29 | I muse on the work of Thy hands.— <i>Ps. 143, 5.</i> |
| W | 30 | God doeth great things and unsearchable.— <i>Job 5, 9.</i> |
| TH | 31 | One generation shall praise Thy works to another.— <i>Ps. 145, 4.</i> As we surpass our fathers' skill, Our sons will shame our own : A thousand things are hidden still And not a hundred known."— <i>Tennyson's Mechanophilus.</i> |

February, 1907.

One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 2.



"The Snowdrop cold that trembles not to kisses of the Bee."—Tennyson.

THE MORNING WATCH for 1906, Volume XIX., is NOW READY. Price One Shilling.

The Emperor Aurungzebe.

Two hundred years ago this month there died, in the 50th year of his reign and the 89th of his life, Aurungzebe, the sixth and one of the greatest of the great Moguls, or Emperors of Delhi. He was the third son of the Emperor Shah-Jehan, whose mausoleum in honour of his wife, the Taj Mahal at Agra, some of you, I hope, will see some day when you are missionaries or merchants or travellers in India. It took 20,000 men twenty-two years to build, and it is one of the wonders of the world.

Aurungzebe was as brave as a soldier can be. In his youth in one battle, when defeat seemed certain, he chained together the legs of the elephant on which he rode to make retreat impossible. When he was eighty he seemed still to go "in search of death" upon the battle field. But he was a cruel man, for he cast his father, who himself had rebelled against his father, into prison and kept him there seven years till he died, and he put all his own three brothers to death. He made no friends, and trusted no one. So usual a thing was it in those days for kings to be assassinated that the Emperor of Delhi had to show himself in public at an open window every day, to prove to his subjects that he was still alive. Aurungzebe had a taster to eat before him at every meal, and before he took any medicine his

physician had to take an equal dose. Persons who dined with Royalty last century used to say they got no time to eat anything. In those far off days there must have been more time than inclination.

Here are three scenes from this great Emperor's life.

1. When he ascended the throne his old tutor hastened to Delhi in hope of some great reward. But Aurungzebe loaded him only with reproaches, accusing him of wasting the priceless years of his youth by teaching him none of the things it was specially needful to a king to know, and then dismissed him from his presence, saying, "Go! Back to your village! Henceforth let no man know either who thou art or what is become of thee."

2. Here is Aurungzebe in all his glory, sitting on the famous Peacock Throne which cost his father seven million pounds. "The King's vest was of white satin, delicately flowered, with a silk and gold embroidery. His turban was of cloth of gold with an aigrette, or tuft, of diamonds of marvellous size and value. From his neck there hung a rope of priceless pearls." The throne itself—which is now in the palace at Teheran in Persia—was like a bed resting upon four massive feet, about two feet high, and was covered by a canopy supported by twelve columns, belted with pearls, from which hung the royal sword, shield, bow, and arrows. The throne was plated with gold and inlaid with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. Above the canopy was a golden peacock—far happier than

the man who sat beneath it! Its outspread tail was composed of sapphires and other precious stones.

3. And here is the end. When he was dying he said to one of his sons: "I am very weak. Many were around me when I was born, but now I am going alone. I know not why I am, or wherefore I came into the world. I have not

done well. Life is transient, and the lost moment never comes back. There is no hope for me. I brought nothing into the world, but I carry hence the burden of my sins. I know not what punishment may be in store for me. Come what will I have launched my bark upon the waters. . . . Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!"



What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued page 5.)

What
is thy
name?

Rose.

ROSALIND was the "feigned name, well ordered," given by the poet Edmund Spenser (1552-1599) to ROSE DYNELEY, "the widow's daughter of the Glen," the maiden whom he wished to marry. She said of him that he had "all the intelligences at his commandment," but though she so clearly foresaw his greatness she refused to be his wife. Spenser never forgot her, and neither blamed her himself nor allowed any other to do so. Sixteen years after he had written about his rejected love in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, he wrote these touching lines in his *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* :

Not, then, to her, that scornéd thing so base,
But to myself the blame, that lookt so high ;
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swain, sith her I may not love,
Yet that I may her honour paravant
And praise her worth, though far my wit above,
Such grace shall be some guerdon of the griet
And long affliction which I have endured.

(The fifth line means : that I may honour her *publicly, before all men.*)

ROSE was the name of a daughter of a Lord Alymer, who died young in India.

Where Ganges rolls his widest wave
She dropped her blossom in the grave.

Walter Savage Landor, the poet (1775-1864), who had met her often in his youth, wrote two verses on her death which have been extraordinarily admired by one or two critics, notably Charles Lamb and Archbishop Trench.

Ah, what avails the sceptred race?
Ah, what the form divine?
What every virtue, every grace?
Rose Aylmer, all were thine!

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the American writer (1804-1864), had a daughter ROSE, whose birth in 1851 Mrs. Hawthorne thus announced to the baby's grandmother : "I am happy to tell you that we have multiplied our powers of loving you by a whole new soul." Twenty years afterwards, when Mrs. Hawthorne was dying, her son Julian tells us how his sister, that same Rose, brought in a little yellow crocus early in the morning, the first that had come up that year, and laid it on the quilt beside her. "It was a Sabbath morning and a very lovely day. Towards noon the little crocus had opened wide upon the quilt—a perfect sun."

What
is thy
name?

ROSE.

ROSE STANDISH, first wife of Captain Myles Standish, one of the leaders of the *Pilgrim Fathers* who founded the United States, landed in America on the 21st December, 1620, and died in January, the first of the little company who sailed in the *Mayflower* to be buried in the land of her adoption. But the first fruits of the New Englanders unto God was the wife of Mr Bradford, another of their leaders. She was washed overboard after the *Mayflower* had come to anchor in Plymouth Bay. The Pilgrims numbered in all one hundred men, women, and children, and within three months fifty of them had died. Their graves were carefully levelled and sown over with wheat that the Indians might not know how few and weak the new comers were.

*And so shalt thou do with every lost thing
that is thy brother's.—Deut. 22, 3. R. V.*

THE Tramway Line, in a certain town in Scotland, passes close to the Railway Station. Strangers seeing the words "Car Stopping Place," naturally think the Station is the beginning of a stage, and are more than a little annoyed when they find the stage ends at the corner of the next street, and that they have paid a ha'penny for a ride of forty yards.

The little boy in the picture, who lives close by the Station, heard his father tell one night that he had seen a working man and his wife greatly put about at having to pay threepence for themselves and their four children, and then being ordered, ten seconds after, to pay other threepence or else leave the car. The man left it, of course, ashamed and angry, and raging at the measures and dishonesty of a town that tried to make money by such low trickery. He did not know that in this, as in some other things, it was not the Town but the Tramway Company that were chiefly to blame.

Two days afterwards, the little fellow, seeing a man and his wife

and little girl waiting at the stopping-place, remembered what his father had said, and went up to them, and told them that if they went on to the next street, they would each save a ha'penny, adding, "and you have lots of time to be there before the car comes." They laughed and took his advice, and from that hour the boy, whenever he happened to be playing there or passing by, warned everybody he saw waiting. Some people told him to mind his own business, some paid no attention to him, others smiled and thanked him, and others in their haste and excitement forgot to do so, but said many a time afterwards, "It was very good of that boy to warn us, wasn't it?" Once or twice he was asked if he wished to get the ha'penny for himself, at which he blushed, and said, "No sir I'm not a beggar." Occasionally people said, "A ha'penny is nothing, it's neither here nor there," forgetting that a ha'penny is always something, and in certain circumstances may be a very great deal. Even if it were nothing, the habit of making the best possible use of ha'pence is something.

I have great hopes of that boy, and have no fear of his becoming



mean. It is the thrifty folks that are the most generous, and as one has said, the truly thrifty man will not only walk a mile to save a penny for himself, but he will walk a mile as willingly to save a penny for another man.

"Montrose."

Out of the eater came forth meat.--Judges 14, 14.

THE Rev. James Robertson of Newington United Presbyterian Church, Edinburgh, who died some years ago, was a singularly

wise and helpful minister in time of trouble. He knew when to come and when to go away, when to speak and when to keep silence. Knowing further that the friends of those who are ill are not pleased if people do not call to ask for them, and at the same time grumble at having to be continually "answering" the door, he would sometimes call at their next neighbour's to ask, and sometimes only leave his card in the letter-box or under the door, but always with a carefully chosen text or some other kind message pencilled on it. I was once, for example, in a house seeing a young lad, a friend of his and my own, who that day, after an illness that had brought him to death's door, had been able to leave his room for the first time, when Mr. Robertson's card was handed in with "Hallelujah!" written on it.

Meeting me on the street a few days afterwards, he fell a-talking about the uplifting power of a cheery word, or even a cheery noise. He had once himself, he told me, been very low with fever, and on the critical day of the illness, was lying imagining himself on a river, drift—drift—drifting hopelessly away down, down. But just as he had almost lost heart his Doctor—I have the impression it was no other than the great Dr. John Brown who wrote *Rab and His Friends*—came into the room making that "cheeping" sound with his boots that most young people would give their ears to have, especially on a Sabbath day. (I am told it is often the result of bad workmanship, though you had

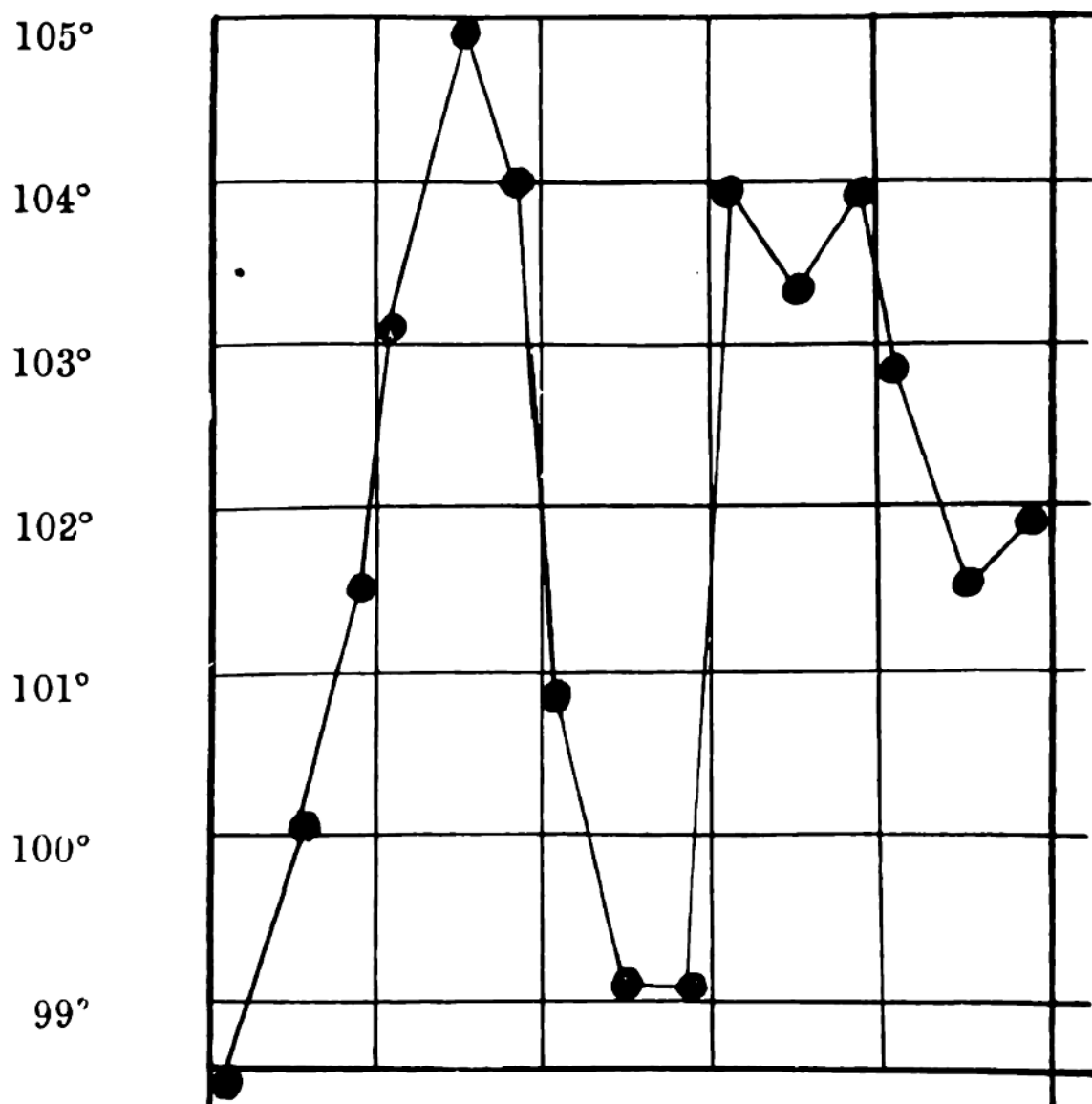
better not say that to a shoemaker!) The cheeping, however it was caused, so roused and heartened Mr. Robertson that from that moment he began to amend, and, said he to me, "I have often advised doctors since to put a piece of cheeping leather in their boots for use in their fever cases!"

I wish to tell you about a man who was helped over the crisis of enteric (or typhoid) fever by the very thing—if a poor Scotchman may be allowed to make a bull—that might have killed him if he had been well.

Every patient in an Infirmary has a card or chart close by his bed-head which gives his name, age, address, etc., and also a record of his temperature every twelve or six or four hours as the case demands.

Well, there was once a man in a certain hospital very ill with enteric fever. Here is a copy of his chart—a four-hour one—on the 16th and 17th days after his admission, and you can see from it that his temperature rose and fell in a very striking way. The doctors and the nurses were unusually interested in the case, for the poor fellow was to have been married in a month or two, "and she is such a nice modest tidy girl," said the Nurse whose duty it was every day to tell her through a little wicket-window how "her lad" was getting on. On the 18th day he was delirious, and as he lay with glazed eyes fixed on the chart, he talked and muttered a great deal.

"I think," said the Nurse, who was English, "he must have been a sailor at one time though he is put down in the books as an engineer.



The Patient's Temperature is taken six times a day, at 2, 6, 10, o'clock a.m. and 2, 6, 10, p.m. Each of the spaces up and down should therefore be divided into three, and as the chart is meant to show not only degrees but fifths of degrees, each of the spaces from left to right should be divided into five. The lowest line is the normal or healthy Temperature of the body. When the Temperature is 105° things are serious.

Is there a place called *Montrose*? for he comes over that word often, and then he says, 'Great sea billows are'—— but he never says are *what*, he doesn't seem able to finish the sentence."

"He hasn't a sailor's hand," said the Doctor, "but *Montrose* will be the place he comes from. It's a town on the east coast, and indeed

that day he came in I said to myself 'he has a *Fifeshire* nose but a *Forfarshire* tongue.'

"No," said a Minister who came in as they were talking, "I rather think he is not from that part of the country, for he told me one day that he and his people came from *South Lanarkshire*. But perhaps his sweetheart belongs to *Montrose*."

You should ask her when she calls to-day. It would please her to hear he was thinking about her. He hasn't been saying anything else, has he, except Montrose?" "Yes, sir," said the Nurse, "he keeps on saying, 'Great sea billows are——.' But he never says what they are doing. I feel certain he must have had some frightful experience at sea."

"Not at all," said the Minister smiling, "not at all, I know what it is! I could see from what he told me himself he must have been a well-brought up lad, and—'great sea billows are' is a bit of our Scotch version of the Psalms, and it has been running through his mind!"

"And how does the sentence end?" said the Nurse.

"That *is* the end," said the Minister. "This is how it goes; it's from the 93rd Psalm:

The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
They lifted up their voice;
The floods have lifted up their waves,
And made a mighty noise.

But yet the Lord, that is on high,
Is more of might by far
Than noise of many waters is
Or great sea-billows are.

But what Montrose has got to do with it, I don't know, unless it be as I said. Ask her when she comes."

Which, accordingly, the Nurse did. "I suppose," she said, "Montrose, where you come from, is a very pretty place?"

"But I don't come from Montrose," was the answer. And then

the Nurse explained matters, and said it was the clergyman's suggestion. But when she told further about the great sea-billows, the young woman said, "Oh I know now! Montrose is the name of a Psalm Tune! You see, Jamie took me one week-end, shortly after we were engaged, to see his Father and Mother, and you couldn't wish to see two nicer or kinder people. His Father is a bonnie old man with lovely white hair, and he is the precentor in the church, and he sang such funny old-fashioned tunes, but the funniest of them all was that one Montrose. And when we came home in the afternoon they had an argument about it. Jamie's Father said it was one of the grandest tunes he knew, and Jamie laughed and said it wasn't a tune at all, though he had heard a musician say it had the makings of the *bass* of a tune. But Jamie's Father wouldn't give in, and he insisted on our trying it to several Psalms. One of them, I mind, was—

Thou hast, O Lord, most glorious,
Ascended up on high,
And in triumph victorious led
Captive captivity.

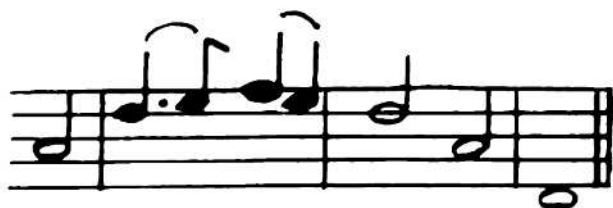
And another was a verse that began
God is with shouts gone up.

And then we sang a whole Psalm, that one about the billows. The notes in the last line go very high and then fall very low, and Jamie's Father insisted on our singing that line over and over again, and I mind he said, 'The music suits the words

KEY D.

| :d | m :s | d¹ :m¹.r¹ | d¹ :s | d :d | d¹ :t | d¹.t:l | s :—
| :l | s :d¹.t | l :s.f | m.r :d | s :s | d¹.r¹:m¹.r¹ | d¹ :s | d :—|

perfectly, the billows going higher and higher and then curling round at the top and falling perfectly flat ;



the sea becoming quite level again, like what was said after the storm in the lake of Gennesaret—"and there was a great calm." It will be that that's running in Jamie's mind "

And she was right, for the Minister asked Jamie about it when he was getting better. "Ay," he said, "I was pretty doleful that day they took me away in the fever-van. I've seen the day when it was my highest ambition to get a ride in a machine, and I remembered that when we glided along. I was pretty wae for myself, I can tell you. I don't remember much that happened after I was carried in, till the third day, when I saw the Nurse putting back that chart at my head after marking my temperature on it. It looked like the notes in music with all these dots, and said I to her, 'Is that a tune you've been writing? But it's in the old notation, and I ken only

the sol-fa.' And she just smiled. She's a very kind lass, I tell you, and has a nice way with her. But I kept looking at it, and then it struck me that these long high lines coming to a point were like the page in my old school atlas that showed the comparative height of mountains, and I got frightened, for I saw my temperature was about as high as Kinchinjunga in the Himalayas. And then again it seemed like music, and I tried to sing it, and I said, 'It's the tune Montrose that my Father's so daft about,' and I felt myself going over the words I had heard him sing to it one of the last times I was home :

But yet the Lord, that is on high,
Is more of might by far
Than noise of many waters is,
Or great sea-billows are.

And that cheered me like anything. But after that I got into a queer confused state and I don't remember anything till after I had got the turn. But I've changed my mind about Montrose. It is a fine tune! For when things were at their worst with me, I must have had it and the words and Mary in my mind, and I have no doubt it was that that was the means of pulling me through!"

Reasons for not going to Church. 9th Series.—No. 2.

The Minister's wife hurt her side badly last week by falling off the ladder-steps while putting up curtains, and ought to have been in bed. Coming out of church, fearing lest she should get a knock on the bruised part, she smilingly drew to the side to let one of the congregation pass in front of her. But the woman misunderstood the gesture.

"No," she is saying to a friend, "I never saw such a face on a human being, let alone one that calls herself a minister's wife. Oh if



you had seen the way she tossed her head and curled her lip! I wonder she wasn't afraid of being smote. And then she drew in her skirts as if I would pollute her. But let her live other seventy years if she likes, she need never be afraid of being polluted by me, or by any one belonging to me, for enter that church door again I NEVER WILL."

| | | |
|----|----|---|
| F | 1 | (First day of Spring.) Quicken me, O Lord.— <i>Ps. 143, 11.</i> |
| S | 2 | Jesus breathed on them.— <i>John 20, 22.</i> |
| S | 3 | The Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings, |
| M | 4 | And ye shall gambol as calves of the stall.— <i>Mal. 4, 2 (R. V.)</i> |
| TU | 5 | Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds?— <i>Job 37, 16.</i> |
| W | 6 | The wondrous works of Him Which is perfect in knowledge? |
| TH | 7 | How thy garments are warm? "The time consumed in the operation of camping puzzled us at first. The secret lies in the fact that the simplest operation becomes complicated in intensely cold weather. Even to change a pair of socks takes nearer five minutes than one."— <i>Capt. Scott's Voyage of the Discovery.</i> |
| F | 8 | He giveth snow like wool. . . . Who can stand before His cold? |
| S | 9 | He sendeth out His word, and melteth them.— <i>Ps. 147, 16.</i> |
| S | 10 | O taste and see that the Lord is good.— <i>Ps. 34, 8.</i> |
| M | 11 | Thou hast put gladness in my heart.— <i>Ps. 4, 7.</i> |
| TU | 12 | Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.— <i>Ps. 32, 7.</i> |
| W | 13 | Darius went to his palace, and passed the night fasting : |
| TH | 14 | Neither were instruments of music brought before him.— <i>Dan. 6, 18.</i> |
| F | 15 | I gat me musical instruments, and that of all sorts. . . . And behold, all was vanity.— <i>Eccl. 2, 8.</i> "22 March, 1890. At dinner I sat opposite the Empress (of Germany) and next to Moltke. The former would have talked much, but was disturbed by the continual music, and was much annoyed. Two military bands were placed opposite one another, and when one stopped the other began to blare. It was scarcely bearable."— <i>Prince Hohenlohe's Memoirs.</i> |
| S | 16 | The Lord thy God will joy over thee with singing.— <i>Zeph. 3, 17.</i> |
| S | 17 | Truly our fellowship is with the Father. |
| M | 18 | Fellowship one with another.— <i>1 John 1, 3.</i> |
| TU | 19 | Peter was astonished. . . . And so was also James and John.— <i>Luke 5, 9.</i> It was said to be characteristic of the late Sir George Groves, a great scholar, that he recorded in his Diary not only the landmarks of his own life, but of his friends' lives also, such as their birthdays, etc. |
| W | 20 | She calleth her neighbours, saying, Rejoice with me.— <i>Luke 15, 9.</i> |
| TH | 21 | A day of good tidings, and we hold our peace.— <i>2 Kings 7, 9.</i> |
| F | 22 | O magnify the Lord with me.— <i>Ps. 34, 3.</i> |
| S | 23 | Lovers of self.— <i>2 Tim. 3, 2 (R. V.)</i> "Together" is an Eton School motto. |
| S | 24 | I will take the cup of salvation.— <i>Ps. 116, 13.</i> |
| M | 25 | Whoso eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, hath eternal life ; |
| TU | 26 | And I will raise him up at the last day.— <i>John 6, 54.</i> |
| W | 27 | Wine is a mocker.— <i>Prov. 20, 1.</i> "At Falerum (in Italy) we saw a Dutchman's grave with this epitaph : Propter Est Est dominus meus mortuus est (On account of <i>Is Is</i> my master <i>is not</i>). Because, having ordered his servant to ride before and inquire where the best wine was, and there write <i>Est (Is, or here it is)</i> , the man found some so good that he wrote <i>Est Est</i> , and his master drinking too much of it died."— <i> Evelyn's Diary, 1644.</i> |
| TH | 28 | Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink.— <i>Hab. 2, 15.</i> |

March, 1907.

One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 3.

"The New Baby."



THE MORNING WATCH for 1906, Volume XIX., is NOW READY. Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., and XVIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Keivie & Sons, Ltd.
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Ludgate Hill, E.C.

The New Baby.

What then shall this child be?
Luke I, 66. R.V.

WHEN the ancient Romans met in solemn assembly long ago, criers used to go about amongst them, saying, *Favete linguis*, which means, I'avour(us)with your tongues,

watch what you say, and as the surest way to say nothing out of place was to say nothing at all, the words came to mean, Don't speak.

The first time you see a "new baby" is a great and solemn moment, and see that you think and speak worthily. Dr. Lyman Beecher, of whom and of his wife you may read on the next page, tells in his *Autobiography*, that when his first little child was put into his arms he said, "Thou little immortal!" That was well said. And yet would it not be still better that the first word a child should hear us say, the first word to break upon its ear, should be the Word that is above every word, the name of Jesus Christ, uttered in some sentence of blessing and thanksgiving?

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued page 17.)

What
is thy
name?

Rose.

Sir William Lok, "silk-mercator and agent to the king beyond the seas," while on business at Dunkirk in 1553 pulled down the Pope's bull excommunicating Henry VIII., which the Nuncio had affixed to a wall, and was knighted for what in those days was a very brave thing to do. It is not fair to tear down or deface a bill in ordinary circumstances, for a bill costs money, often shillings, to print, and the rent for the hoarding on which it is posted may cost even more. But there are some bills which it is every good man's duty to destroy. Sir William Lok had a daughter ROSE, who was well off not only in having a brave father, but in having also a brave array of brothers and sisters. There were at least twenty of them, the twentieth being called Elizabeth, a good name, but not good enough, so far as one can see, for such a crowning mercy. I have read of a man called Ivy, who, having already nineteen sons, named the one that came after them *Vicesimus*, the Latin for *Twentieth*, which, if too literal to be very poetical, was at least expressive enough. Parents should always ask God to guide them in choosing a child's name. Its name is a big bit of its inheritance.

In Barton Church in Cumberland, says Mr. A. G. Bradley in his book on the *Lake District*, there is an epitaph written by Lancelot Dawes,

What
is thy
name?

lord of the manor in 1676, on his young wife of two-and-twenty,
ROSE FLETCHER :

ROSE.

Under this stone, Reader, interred doth lie
Beauty and Virtue's true epitomy.
At her appearance the noon sun
Blushed and sunken because quite undone.
In her centred did all Graces dwell.
God plucked my Rose that He might take a smell.
I'll say no more, but weeping wish I may
Soon with thy dear chaste ashes come to lay.

ROX-
ANA.

It is almost as certain as anything can be that none of the readers of this page has for her first name ROXANA. But as it is the unexpected that always happens, there may be one, and for her sake, that she may not be disappointed, I shall tell you about ROXANA FOOTE, who was married in 1799, after a two years' courtship, to the Rev. Lyman Beecher, and became the mother of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, one of the greatest of American preachers, and of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. When her husband first saw her she was reading Samuel Richardson's *Sir Charles Grandison*, "the man of true honour." She told him she would never marry till she found his like. From her earliest childhood she had given herself to Christ, and could scarcely remember the time when she did not go with her joys and sorrows to God in prayer. "She experienced resignation, if ever any one did," says her husband. "I never saw the like, so entire, without reservation or shadow of turning. In no exigency was she taken by surprise. She was just there, quiet as an angel above. I never heard a murmur. I never witnessed a movement of the least degree of selfishness, and if there was ever such a thing in the world as disinterestedness, she had it. . . . She was of a strong, restful, sympathetic nature, with an equilibrium and healthful placidity that no reverse ever disturbed, a person in whom all around seemed to find comfort and repose." "Once," says her daughter, "we ate a bag of tulip bulbs which we took for onions. But there was not even a momentary expression of impatience. 'My dear children,' she said, 'what you have done makes mamma very sorry. These were not onion roots but roots of beautiful flowers, and if you had let them alone, mamma would have had next summer in the garden great beautiful red and yellow flowers such as you never saw.'" . . . "She did beautiful needlework and embroidery, . . . and never spoke in company or before strangers without blushing. . . . One verse was always connected with her in our minds in childhood—one our father repeated to her when she was dying—Heb. 12, 22, 'Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of Angels.'" She prayed that all her sons, and she had seven, might be ministers, and her prayer was answered, though she did not live to see it. "Her image," says one of them, "stood between us and the temptations of youth as a sacred shield. The hope of meeting her has sometimes been the last strand which did not part in the hour of temptation."

RUTH.

The meaning of RUTH is uncertain, but it is such a pretty name, and the character of the first who bore it is such a noble one, that one

What
is thy
name?
RUTH.

wonders why so few parents have ever given it to their children. She was one of those from whom, as concerning the flesh, our Lord was descended, and yet we are told there was a man who got the chance to marry her and would not do it, lest he should mar his own inheritance!

"I said once to Tennyson," says F. T. Palgrave, 'Why do you not write an Idyll upon the story of Ruth?' The deep tone of conviction with which he answered still seems with me—'Do you think I could make it more poetical?'"

The mother of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the American poet and essayist, 1803–1882, was "the pious and amiable" RUTH HASKINS of Boston. His father, a minister with 330 dollars, that is less than £70 a year, was a great book buyer and often found it hard to make both ends meet. But after his marriage, though his wife brought him no money, his anxieties came to an end. "We are poor and cold," he wrote, "and have little meal, and little wood, but, thank God, courage enough." A wise girl can make one shilling go as far as a wise man could make five, and twice as far as a foolish girl could make twenty, and however poor she is she never loses heart. Mrs. Emerson seems to have been another of those women who are ordinarily very calm and undemonstrative. Her two boys were once late in returning from a holiday. "My sons," she said, "I have been in an agony for you." "I went to bed that night," said her most famous son, "*in bliss* for the interest she showed." Boys often don't know, till too late, the agony their mothers are continually in on their account.

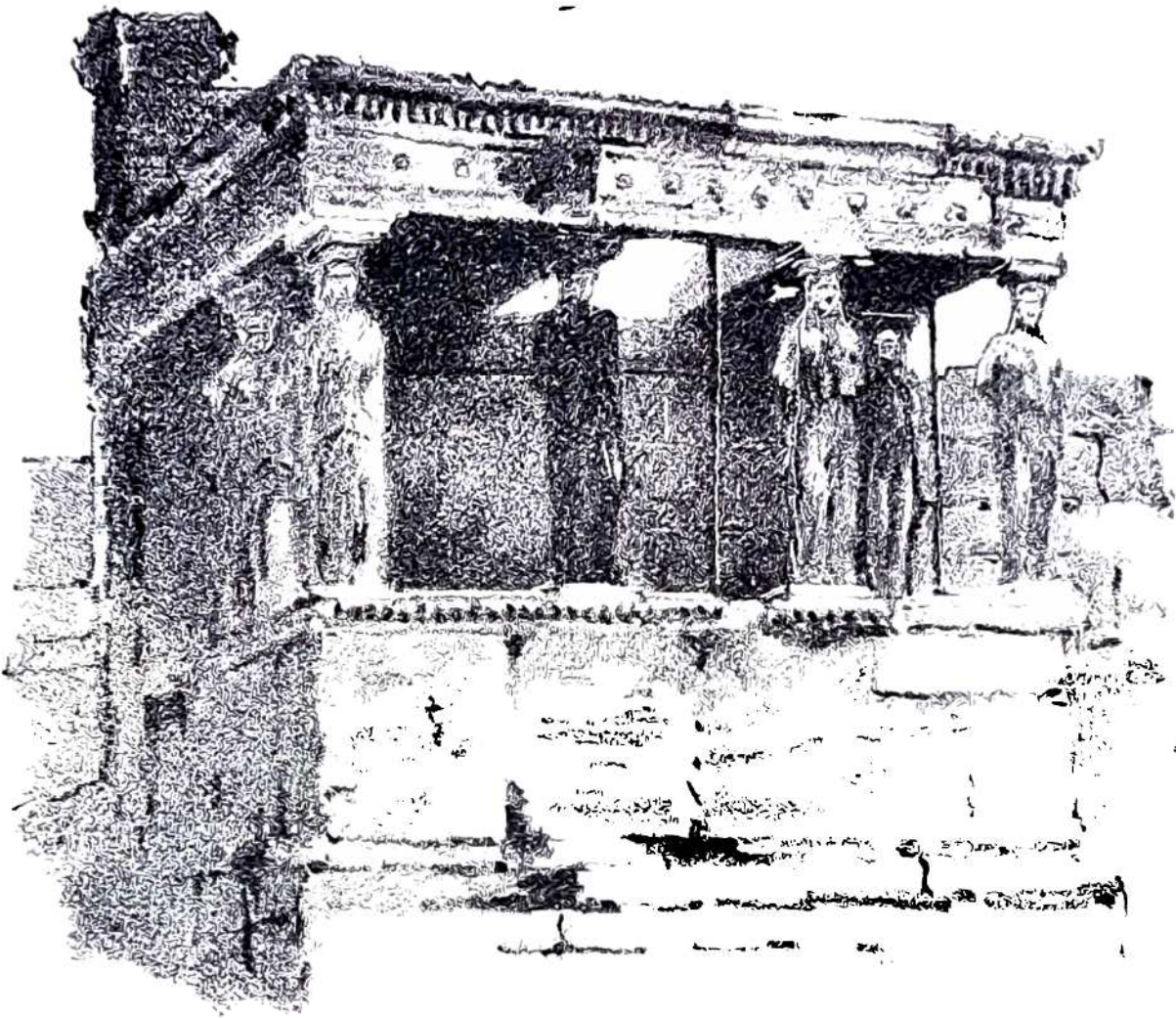
Caryatides.

A pillar in the temple of my God.—Rev. 3, 12.

THIS is a view of the south porch of the Erechtheum, a marble temple built on the Acropolis of Athens in honour of a Greek god called Erechtheus, about 450 years before the coming of Christ. The female figures which, instead of columns, support what architects call the entablature, are called Caryatides, according to a Roman writer, for this reason. The inhabitants of Caryae, a city of Arcadia in the south of Greece, having thrown in their lot with the Persians after the battle of Thermopylæ, 480 B.C., the Greeks in revenge destroyed the town, slew the men, and took the women captive. As the figures of Persian men, called Atlantes, had

been used instead of columns in public buildings, it seemed to Praxiteles and other Athenian artists a good way to commemorate the dishonour of Arcadia by employing female figures for that purpose, dressed in the costume of that country.

It seems to us a somewhat ungentlemanly thing to do, and one is sorry for these poor creatures bearing all that hard load upon their heads. Yet then, as now, we men have never scrupled to lay the heaviest burdens upon women; and now, in truth, as then in similitude, women have never refused to put their necks to the work of their Lord, and have always been the best and most loving upholders of the House of God.



Acher Say—"Die."

HERE is a story a Greenock man kindly dictated to me the other day.

"On the 15 Feb., 1862, I sailed from the Broomielaw at Glasgow in a small vessel of 400 tons or so, called the *Palermo*, belonging to the Anchor Line, and commanded by Captain Matthew Dow. I was going out to Seville, in Spain, as a passenger, under an engagement to teach boiler-making in a foundry that was being started there. I had two companions, one an engineer,

and the other a coppersmith.

"We encountered a storm in the Bay of Biscay and had an anxious time of it. Captain Dow had once rescued a Portuguese crew, and as a reward had obtained from the Government the privilege of being allowed, if necessary, to navigate his ship across the bar at the mouth of the Tagus without a pilot. They were very jealous of foreigners, and this was quite a unique favour and honour that was shown him. One advantage resulting from it was this, that if anything happened to the ship, the owners could still claim

the insurance money despite the fact that she had no pilot on board.

"Captain Dow determined to cross the bar and managed it successfully. That night as we were sitting over our tea, he told us of an experience he had had four years before. He had been caught in a storm in the Bay, so severe that at last the funnel went by the board, and everybody knows that was a thing for which nothing could be done. The vessel shipped so much water that the fires were put out, and the machinery of course came to a stand-still. The crew manned the pumps at the main hatch, while the solitary passenger on board laboured at the forehold with a rope and bucket. He was a strong man and worked splendidly. After toiling almost a night and day without food, for no fire could be kindled in the galley, the crew, seeing the water still gaining, and regarding the situation as hopeless, appealed to the Captain, and told him they saw nothing else for it but to go down, ship and all.

"The Captain went forward to tell the passenger what conclusion the crew, and that meant engineers and all, had come to.

"'Well, Captain Dow,' said the passenger, 'if I go down, *it will be with this bucket in my hand*,' and dashing it down, as if with renewed strength, began to bail away harder than ever.

"The Captain went aft and told the men what the passenger had said, and they, looking forward, and seeing him dashing the water over the rail, sailor-like gave a cheer and

resolved to continue their efforts. The Captain and the cook made a fresh attempt to light the galley fire, and succeeded this time in kindling it and making coffee. Two hours after, the Captain, fancying he saw a sail from the deck, went aloft, and soon after reported to the men that the ship—she was a Norwegian brig—had seen their signals and was bearing down on them.

"It was but a short time till she had taken off the crew, and then, within an hour, from the Norwegian's decks they all saw their own ship go down stern first. It was that extra effort that had kept the ship afloat till succour came. It was a lesson to him, Captain Dow said, if ever he was in danger again, never to give in as long as he saw a plank afloat, and so great an impression did that incident make on him that he told it to any passengers he might have every voyage ever after."

So far our Greenock friend. Here is another story, taken from the papers, which also tells us that while there is life there is hope.

On the 10th August, last year, Paul Seidler, a Hungarian interpreter, fell overboard from the Cunard liner *Carpathia*, near Gibraltar, while on a voyage from New York to Genoa. The *Carpathia*, after cruising about for some hours and failing to find him, resumed her course.

Next morning, about half past three, the lookout man on the *Benshaw* of Liverpool, hearing a voice shouting for help, reported "Man in the water!" The engines

were stopped, a boat lowered, and the stranger rescued and taken aboard. He had been swimming, fighting for life, all night, for almost eight hours! Curiously enough, the *Benshaw* made up on the *Carpathia*, and the man was restored to his own ship. The *Carpathia's* Captain, of course, was not to blame, for it is not easy to see a man in the water, if there is any sea on at all, and specially at night. And yet one would like to know what the Captain thought and said.

A third story that teaches us the same lesson is one that I hope most of you have heard already.

Last December six miners were entombed by the falling in of a tunnel or shaft in Bakersfield, California, and were given up for lost. Three days afterwards a tapping on the rails which led into the tunnel was heard, which showed that some one at least was still alive. The signals were answered, and after a time a long iron pipe was pushed in, and through it came a message from one of the miners, a Cornishman named Hicks, stating that he and he only was left alive, pinned under a wagon which had sheltered him from the falling stones and earth. Milk was poured down to him, and between the times of refreshment, unless of course during the hours when he wished to sleep, his friends talked to him, and songs were sung and music played to him by a gramophone! Meantime fifty skilled miners worked in turn as for life and death, night and day,

drilling from the side of the hill through fifteen feet of solid granite to reach the imprisoned man. To have dug out the debris would have taken too long, to use powder or dynamite was too dangerous. And so the drilling and boring went on day after day, and people went about the streets wondering if Hicks was still living and if so, was he still *sane*? And there in his narrow cell, within touch almost of his dead comrades, and with only rats for living company, he lay, till on the fifteenth day of his imprisonment a hand pushed through a little opening and grasped his—the finest grip, Hicks said, that mortal man had ever got. Outside they had everything ready for him, food and hot water and bandages for his eyes, lest the light should blind him, and doctors to see that all was rightly done. The man was actually able to ride on pony back to hospital, and in less than three days he was himself again!

No matter what difficulty we be in, we are forbidden to despair. If you are playing a game, such as cricket or football, and your side is like to lose, play to the last moment with all your might. If you cannot do some lesson, try, try, try again. In the darkest and most disheartening hour, remember that the things which are *impossible* with men are *possible* with God. And if God Himself should seem to turn a deaf ear to your cry, and should tell you to let Him go, cling all the closer to Him, and make this your answer, "I will *not* let Thee go, except Thou bless me."



Nor standeth in the way of sinners.—

Psalm i, i.

THIS is one of those men who "break out" drinking every now and again, and then after a wild fortnight keep sober for some months. After every fall he says he has learnt a lesson *this* time, and it's the *last* time he will ever touch

drink. But those who know him well can see that his sorrow is not of the godly sort that worketh repentance to salvation, but only the sorrow that worketh death. He is angry at having lost his wages and smashed his dishes and his furniture, but he is not a bit humble, and is always ready to talk about others

who go the same way. His heart is "swept and garnished," but "empty." He won't let Christ in, and so in due time the devil comes back.

His poor wife, like every one who has lived with a drunkard, knows *by a dozen little things* when the next time of trial is coming on.

The last time he began to complain of headache, loss of appetite, etc., etc., she tried to make the house if possible more comfortable than ever, and had always a little surprise for dinner and tea-time. As she saw the signs of unrest increasing she pleaded with him with tears to give himself to Christ, and fight the good fight, and be on his guard. And then, when he fell, he rounded on her—"It was she who was to blame, putting evil into his head, nag-nagging at him; it was enough to make any man go wrong."

This time she has resolved to be as kind and gentle as ever and not to say one word. He had a glass of whisky in the forenoon, she knows. The smell of it had passed off before he came home, but *she knows* all the same. He began to talk about the minister, praising him and the sermon he preached yesterday and specially the one he preached eight days ago. That kind of talk would impose on others, but *she knows* what it means; she has heard it all before.

To-night he had "no appetite, but had a strange feeling of tightness across his chest," and he "thought he would go out for a turn." He saw her mouth twitch and hoped

she would say something that would justify him in putting the blame on her. But she said nothing; only she prayed in her heart.

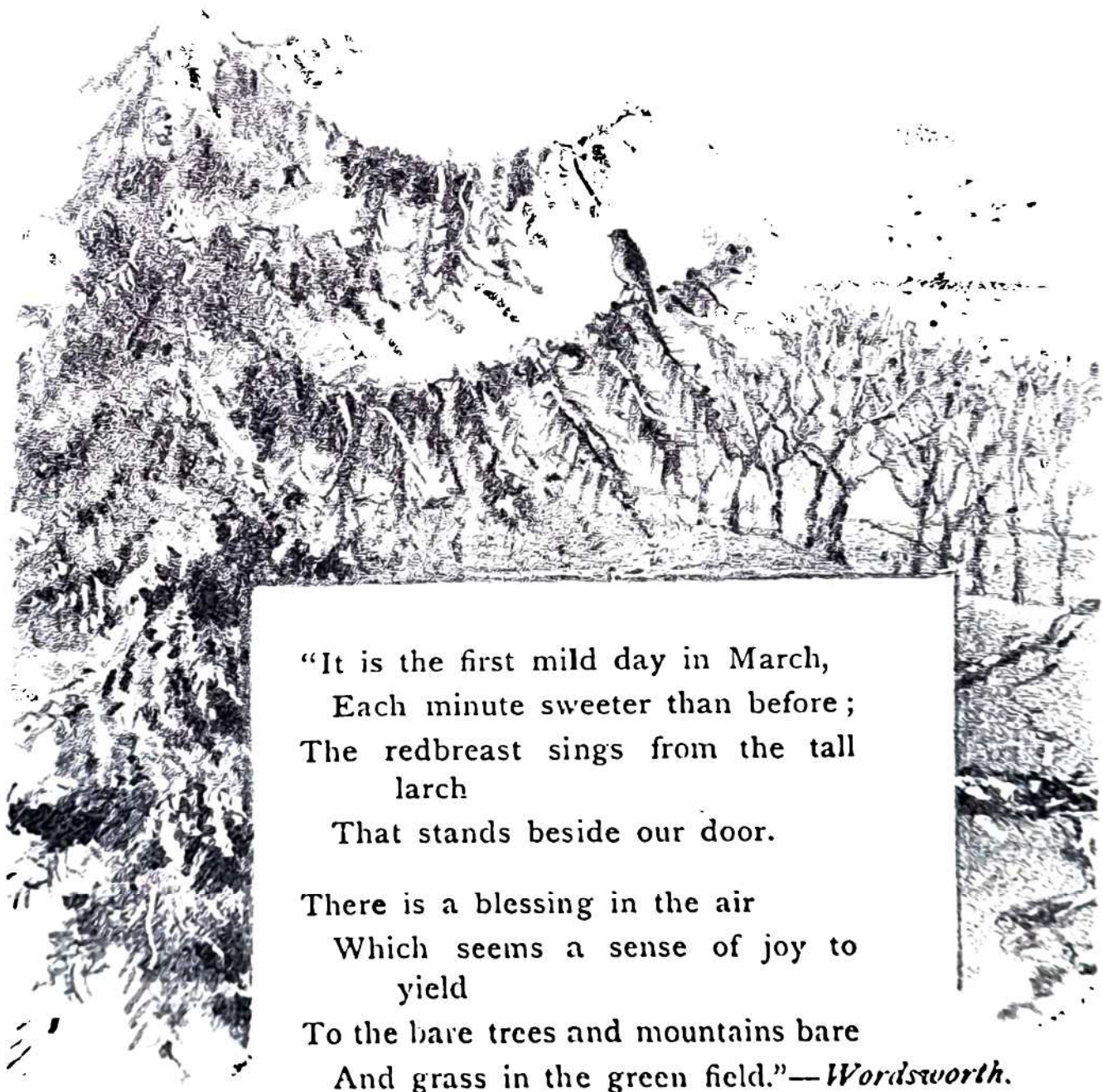
When he went out he went through his regular performance of trying to deceive God. He walked out in the opposite direction to that in which his favourite public-house lies, and then as the night was early and the moon so beautiful, and the imaginary pain in his chest was a little easier, though not much—"oh dear! that *was* a bad twinge just now"—he continued his walk, and—didn't it almost seem providential?—found himself after a long circuit straight opposite the public-house door. Then he imagined another fearful twinge, as if a blunt knife had been plunged into his heart, and so he waited five minutes hoping some one would come up who would say—"Are you not coming in for a half?"—and when a man talks of "a half" he thinks he is saying something extraordinarily clever and witty—and then he would be able to say a friend forced him in against his will. But no friend came. Now he suddenly pretends to recollect that he is not quite sure of the correct time; by stepping to one side near the door he can see the public-house clock. "No harm in that, surely? didn't his wife this very day say to him that she thought the kitchen clock was a little slow?"

Any one can guess the rest. To-night when he goes home, with a half-eaten orange in his hand to hide the smell, and a bottle in his inside pocket, he will affirm before God he has not tasted drink this day, and

when she puts her hand on his breast and says, "Oh George! and you have brought a bottle home with you," he will turn on her, and then leave the house, and come back defiantly in half-an-hour, making no pretence of sobriety this time, but telling her it is her cruelty and insolence and suspiciousness that have driven him to this. "And I would have been a happier and better man if I had never seen your face."

What the long nights and days for the next fortnight will be God knows, ay and many thousands of Scotch men and Scotch women know too.

Oh boys and girls, who this day are so young and bonnie and happy, I beseech you by the mercies of Jesus Christ, *never touch drink*, let friends or neighbours or doctors say what they may!



"It is the first mild day in March,
Each minute sweeter than before ;
The redbreast sings from the tall
larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air
Which seems a sense of joy to
yield
To the bare trees and mountains bare
And grass in the green field."—*Wordsworth.*



Reasons for not going to Church. 9th Series.—No. 3.

This woman's next door neighbour is not going to church any more because she was told that the Minister, when he called the other day, said he was "very glad she wasn't in." The Minister afterwards explained to her that he had heard she had been taken ill and came up immediately to see her, and that when he said he was "delighted to find she was out," he meant he was glad there was no truth in the report of her illness. But she says, "I don't care what he meant, I just know what he said, and I AM DONE WITH HIM."

| | | |
|----|----|--|
| 1 | F | Thou renewest the face of the earth.— <i>Ps. 104, 30.</i> “I find I can work best in early Spring.”— <i>Tennyson.</i> |
| 2 | S | Thy youth is renewed like the eagle.— <i>Ps. 103, 5 (R. V.)</i> |
| 3 | S | Thou openest Thine hand.— <i>Ps. 145, 16.</i> |
| 4 | M | Prove Me, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, |
| 5 | TU | And pour you out a blessing, |
| 6 | W | That there shall not be room enough to receive it.— <i>Mal. 3, 10.</i> |
| 7 | TH | The instruments of the churl are evil.— <i>Is. 32, 7 (R. V.)</i> |
| 8 | F | But the liberal deviseth liberal things, |
| 9 | S | And in liberal things shall he continue. Now tell me, who lives here? A large park, and no deer; A large house, and no cheer; Sir Christopher Hawkins does live here. — <i>Lines written on the gate of a mean Cornish Baronet.</i> |
| 10 | S | The Father of Spirits chastened us for our profit, |
| 11 | M | That we might be partakers of His holiness.— <i>Heb. 12, 10.</i> |
| 12 | TU | Patient in tribulation.— <i>Rom. 12, 12.</i> |
| 13 | W | I overflow with joy in all our affliction.— <i>2 Cor. 7, 4 (R. V.)</i> |
| 14 | TH | The work of righteousness shall be peace; <i>Is. 32, 17 (R. V.)</i> |
| 15 | F | And the effect of righteousness quietness and confidence for ever. |
| 16 | S | Our tutor to bring us unto Christ.— <i>Gal. 3, 24 (R. V.)</i> “Care comes as Governess and stays as friend.”— <i>Frederick Langbridge.</i> |
| 17 | S | O Lord God, Thou art God, and Thy words are truth, |
| 18 | M | And Thou hast promised.— <i>2 Sam. 7, 28.</i> |
| 19 | TU | It is impossible for God to lie.— <i>Heb. 6, 18 (R. V.)</i> |
| 20 | W | Surely they are My people, children that will not lie.— <i>Is. 63, 8.</i> |
| 21 | TH | The wicked hath left off to do good. |
| 22 | F | He deviseth mischief upon his bed.— <i>Ps. 36, 4.</i> |
| 23 | S | I remember Thee upon my bed.— <i>Ps. 63, 6.</i> “I have 3 rules of life: Never do anything underhand; never get your feet wet; go to bed at ten.”— <i>The late Bishop Stubbs, the Historian.</i> |
| 24 | S | Jesus went into the Synagogue, and stood up for to read.— <i>Luke 4, 16.</i> |
| 25 | M | Blessed is he that readeth the words of this prophecy.— <i>Rev. 1, 3.</i> |
| 26 | TU | What is written in the law? How readest thou?— <i>Luke 10, 26.</i> |
| 27 | W | Did ye never read in the Scriptures?— <i>Matt. 21, 42.</i> |
| 28 | TH | From a babe thou hast known the sacred writings.— <i>2 Tim. 3, 15 (R. V.)</i> |
| 29 | F | Which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith. |
| 30 | S | Every Scripture is profitable. “Don’t glance at this letter and then throw it by, as if saying you had read it was enough. Read and consider it over and over.— <i>Cockburn of Ormiston’s Letters to his Gardener, 3rd Feb., 1741.</i> |
| 31 | S | I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food.— <i>Joh 23, 12.</i> |

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 4.

An Introduction.



"An Introduction is a Solemn Thing."

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The prophets that would have put me in fear.
Nehem. 6, 14.

THERE was a railway and steam-boat pier on a certain part of the Clyde, and from it in stormy weather timid intending passengers might often be seen gazing anxiously, with pale faces, at the clouds and the spindrift and the waves. Of course, there was never really any danger, but there are people to whom the sea is a terror even in its calmest moods. There were two young fellows, yachtsmen, who generally took the pier road on their way to business in the morning. If it was a rough day you might have heard them, as they watched the passengers making for the gangways, saying things like this: "I don't envy them to-day, do you?" . . . "They'll be wishing before long they had stayed

at home." . . . "I tell you they'll get a dusting." . . . "It's to be hoped they have written their names and addresses on their insurance coupons." . . . "It's a shame to let such a cranky steamer go out on a day like this." And when she heard such things as these, many a poor woman's heart came into her mouth.

But on the same pierhead there sometimes forgathered two retired sea-captains, fine old men, and as people were hurrying on board, they might have heard them saying to the skipper as he stood on the bridge beside the engine-room telegraph dial—"Well, Captain, it's going to clear up after all." . . . "There's the sun coming out." . . . "Yonder's a bonnie bit of blue in the sky." And when he hears things like that the timidest man even plucks up heart.

The two young fellows didn't mean any harm. They loved nothing better themselves than "a wet sheet and a flowing sea," but before they were much older they would find out that *it is always wrong to dishearten anybody*. You can tell an angel by his habit of saying, *Fear not*.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued page 28.)

| | |
|-------------------|--|
| What is thy name? | You should get your fathers some Sabbath night to read you Josephus' account of the Destruction of Jerusalem. I shall never forget the night my father read the 5th Chapter of the 6th Book, about the |
| And: | man who went about the city for months crying "Wo, wo to Jerusalem!" and then, one day, suddenly cried out, "Wo, wo to |

What
is thy
name?

RUTH.

myself also!" and was struck the next moment, and killed, by a stone hurled by one of the Roman engines. The best known translation of Josephus was made by the Rev. William Whiston, 1667-1752, who succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. He married his schoolmaster's daughter, RUTH ANTROBUS, in 1669. I am sorry that is all I know about her. But she must have had her own troubles, for her husband loved controversy, and was never out of hot water. He was a fearlessly outspoken man, as several stories prove. He was talking one day with Chief Justice King about men who signed articles of faith which they did not believe, in order to get preferment, and was surprised to hear him say, "We must not lose our usefulness for scruples." "Does your Lordship allow such prevarication in Court?" he replied. "No," was the answer. To which, says Whiston, "I replied, 'Suppose God should be as just in the next world as my Lord Chief Justice is in this, where are we then?' To which he made no answer, and to which, said Queen Caroline when I told her the story, 'No answer was to be made.'"

Queen Caroline herself asked Mr. Whiston to point out some of her faults. "One of them," he said, "is talking during public worship." "Tell me another," she said. "No, madam, not till you have corrected that one."

Another day when he was in the company of Pope and Addison and Walpole, and some others, he suggested to a Mr. Craggs, who was one of the Secretaries of State, that in public affairs honesty might be the best policy. "A statesman," said Mr. Craggs, "might be honest for a fortnight, but it would not do for a month." Whereupon Mr. Whiston gave him the crushing answer, "*Mr. Secretary, did you ever try it for a fortnight?*"

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-1894, the American Quaker poet, had for his great-great-grandmother RUTH GREEN, who married a distant relative, Thomas Whittier, with whom she had sailed from Southampton for Boston in 1638 in the ship *Confidence*—a good name for the ship in which two lovers were to sail. She died in 1710, and one of her grandsons took for his wife Sarah Greenleaf, *Greenleaf* being English for *Feuillevert*, the name of the Huguenot family from which she came.

The Rev. C. L. Dodgson, who under the name "Lewis Carroll" wrote *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, used to write acrostics on the names of the young people to whom he gave books. Here is one on the name of a Miss RUTH DYMES to whom he had given a copy of Miss Yonge's "Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe." It does not strike one as being by any means the cleverest thing he ever wrote—even Homer nods at times, we know—but no little Ruth who may read it will see any fault in it.

R ound the wondrous globe I wander wild,
U p and down hill—age succeeds to youth—
T oiling all in vain to find a child
H alf so loving, half so dear as Ruth.

What
is thy
name?

Ruth.

Over Mr. Dodgson's life, says his biographer, there lay the shadow of one great disappointment, and yet—perhaps one should say, and *therefore*—he could write these words: "My life is so strangely free from all trial and trouble that I cannot doubt my own happiness is one of the talents entrusted to me to occupy with, till the Master shall return, and make other lives happy."

In *The Morning Watch* for last month I said it seemed a little curious that so few parents have named their children RUTH. A few days ago, in one of our Greenock schools, a lady teacher told me she had both a RUTH and an ORPAH in her class. Strange to say, the Bible Lesson in ordinary course that day was on the Book of Ruth, and Orpah was absent! But I saw her the next day. The girls are not relatives.

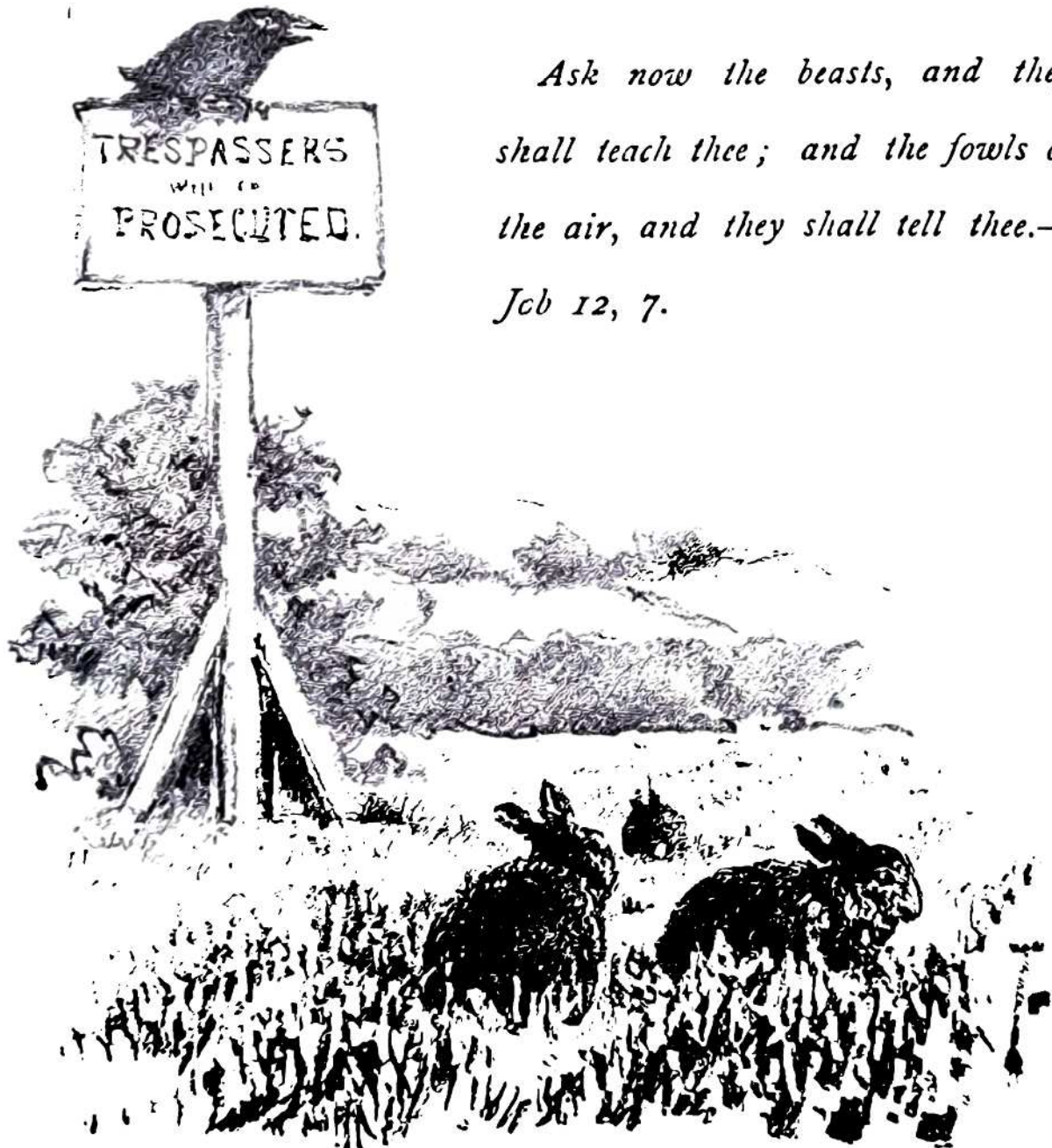
Sap-
phira.

Dr. Alexander Leighton, 1568-1644, physician and Presbyterian divine, the father of Robert Leighton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, wrote a book called *Sion's Plea against the Prelacie*. It was printed as the title page says "the year and month wherein Rochelle was lost," that is, in 1628. On the last page are these words: "Kind Reader, bear with the Literal Faults; want of due points, or accents; and some sections not well divided; whereof we could give you divers causes." But there were worse faults in the book than mistakes in spelling, in the eyes of Archbishop Laud, and chiefly through his instigation the poor author, according to the barbarous usage of those days, was publicly whipped, had one of his ears cut off, one side of his nose slit, and his face branded with the letters S.S., Sower of Sedition. Good man though he was, his taste was by no means infallible, as one can see even from the names he gave his children. When one finds that two of them were called James and Robert, and the other two Caleb and Elisha, one feels that one pair of them at least had some reason to complain. And further, greatly daring, he called his daughter SAPPHIRA. It was a curious thing for him to do, though perhaps he could have given "divers causes" for that also, but she more than redeemed the name, as may be seen from these words in her brother Robert's will:

"At Broadhurst, Sussex, Feb. 17, 1683. I do write this with my own hand, that when the day I so much wished and longed for is come that shall set me free from this prison of clay wherein I am lodged, what I leave behind me of money, goods, or chattels, or whatsoever of any kind may be called mine, I do devise to charitable uses; partly such as I have recommended to my sister, Mrs. Sapphira Lightwater, and her son, Master Edward Lightwater, and the remainder to such other charities as their own discretion shall think fittest. Only I desire each of them to accept a small token of a little grateful acknowledgment of the great kindness and trouble they have had with me for some years that I was their guest, the proportion whereof (to remove their scruple of taking it) I did expressly name to themselves while I was with them before the writing hereof and likewise after I have wrote it. But they need not give any account of it to another, the whole being left to their

disposal. I appoint my said sister and her son joint-executors of this my will."

Mrs. Lightwater had a little son who died. "You are now," said her brother to her, "much more akin to the other world; and this will quickly be passed to us all. Johnnie is but gone an hour or two sooner to bed as children used to do, and we are undressing to follow."



Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee.—

Job 12, 7.

First Rabbit: "Why is it that so many Humans look frightened when they see that board, and turn back?"

Second Rabbit: "Well, you see, poor creatures, they don't know that it doesn't mean anything; they haven't as much sense as we have."

And the weight of the nails was fifty shekels.—2 Chron. 3. 9.

WHEN the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, was a boy of ten or eleven years of age, his mother sent him one day to buy nails for the workmen who were repairing some buildings on their little Devonshire farm. She gave him a bag to carry them in, and money, and told him he was to walk to Wellington, a little town five miles off, and buy them there. She had not the least idea of the price of nails, but he understood he was to bring back as many as his money would pay for. Time went on, and there was no sign of his return. Mrs. Temple began to walk anxiously about, looking up the road, hour after hour, and then at last to her great joy she saw him coming, but *not* carrying the nails! The bag had been too heavy for him, and all that he had been able to do was to lift it and swing it along the road three or four feet at a time, and that the plucky little fellow had done over the whole five miles. When she saw the mistake she had made, his mother, we are told, burst into tears, a thing she was hardly ever known to do, and then petted and comforted her poor little exhausted boy.

How heavy nails can be a man I know once found out by a touching experience he had on a railway journey long ago. The train had stopped at a roadside station. A woman carrying a biggish bag made for the door of his compartment. He held out his hand, of course, for her bag, but she refused to let him

have it, and did so in such a determined manner that he could not help smiling. A few minutes afterwards, when the train had started, she looked at him and said: "You would wonder why I wouldn't give you my bag, but I'll tell you why. My man is a nailer and employs two men, but since these machine-made nails came into use, it takes them all they can do to make a livelihood. I carry some of the nails twice a week into——, and sell them there. It's cheaper doing that than sending them, but the railway people don't know that I do that, they would make me pay for them if they did. And if I had given you the bag you would have shown by the way you lifted it that it was heavy, and some of them might have seen you, and they would have stopped me ever after this. And it is really the only way we can live, for my man doesn't make a penny of profit off the men he employs."

"It's all right," he said, "but you'll let me carry them for you when we land, and I'll not let on how heavy they are. I'll carry them as lightly as if they were feathers."

"It's very kind of you," she answered, "but I know the driver of the post-office van and he always takes them and leaves them at a certain part of the road for me. I suppose," she continued, "all this that I am doing is against the law, and yet I don't think I'm doing anything wrong, for though the hand-made nails are ever so much better than the machine-made ones, and indeed the two are not to be



compared, yet we can't compete with them in price, and it's no himself only that my man has to think of, but the other two men that have wives and families, and what would come over them?"

When our sons shall be as plants grown up in their youth, and there is no outcry in our streets; happy is the people that is in such a case.—Ps. 144, 12, R.V.

THERE were four little boys in a certain school in Greenock last year who now and again played

truant. One day, when they all happened to be present, their teacher, a lady, took a flower-pot full of earth and gave them each a snowdrop bulb to put in it. Opposite the bulbs four chalk marks were made—yellow, green, blue, and white. And so interested were the little fellows in their hidden treasures, for they had never seen before how plants grew, that from that day they came regularly to see how the snowdrops were getting on.



And weren't they happy when the little green spears first pushed through the earth, and still happier when the white bells came out !

I knew a lad, merry of soul, who used to amuse himself and the lookers on during a sea voyage by staring at the eyes of any of his fellow-passengers who might be sleeping in their chairs on deck, till they awoke. It always wakened them, and wakened them, too, in a fine temper. For there is a tremendous power in the human eye. I have no doubt the eager eyes of these boys helped the plants, and drew them up out of the darkness into the light. But whether

that be so or not, the plants have certainly drawn the boys out, and made the school another world to them.

— o —

“ Sandford and Merton.”

“SABRINA” is one of the words I had long meant to speak about under the heading—“What is thy Name?”

Thomas Day, 1748-1789, was a somewhat eccentric Englishman who resolved to choose a wife on what he deemed to be philosophical principles. Going first of all to an orphan asylum at Shrewsbury, he picked out a flaxen-haired beauty whom he named Sabrina Sidney,

Sabrina after the river Severn—being its name in Latin—and Sidney after Algernon, the famous grand-nephew of the still more famous Sir Philip. Then from a Foundling Hospital in London Mr. Day chose a brunette whom he called Lucretia. He undertook to make one of these girls his wife, or to give her a marriage portion if he changed his mind, and to apprentice and maintain the other till she married or became independent. Lucretia turned out a stupid girl, but, all the same, easily found a husband. With Sabrina he tried several experiments, but as she screamed when he fired pistols, loaded only with imaginary balls, at her petticoats, and started when he dropped melted sealing-wax on her arms, he judged her to be infirm of purpose and of an unheroic mould. She married a friend of his, a barrister. Mr. Day gave her £500, and when she became a widow, three years after, settled on her £30 a year.

After several other attempts and failures he succeeded in getting a wife at last, a Miss Esther Milnes. She was an heiress, but he insisted that her money should be left entirely in her own control. One is pleased, and yet not a little surprised, to find that they lived happily together for eleven years. He met his death in characteristic fashion. He set out one day to visit his mother on an unbroken colt, in accordance with one of his pet theories, that kindness would subdue any animal. The colt shied on the way, and threw him on his head. He died an hour afterwards.

Mr. Day is best known by his *Sandford and Merton*, written to set forth his ideal of manliness. There is much in it that is absurd, but in the opinion of many it is one of the best books for children in the language. My own copy of it came to me in a somewhat curious way.

When I was a boy at school one of our teachers was a Mr. George Ballardie. His father, I imagine, it must have been who is mentioned as one of Dr. Chalmers' most intimate Glasgow friends. The family from the name one would judge to be of French origin. Be that as it may, I remember Mr. Ballardie by his blue eyes, his quick step, and the swift gesture with which he hung up and took down from its peg his red college cloak. It was understood he was going to be a minister. He was a most beautiful reader, and, if we did our work well, used to reward us on Friday afternoons by reciting eloquent passages from a school-book much used in those days, called *M'Culloch's Course of Reading*.

But there is another day I remember very vividly. We were at our writing-lesson. A senior boy, who sat opposite me, on the other side of the desk, doing "book-keeping," struck me on the head with a heavy black ruler. I suppose it was done partly in fun, but it made me angry, and in my passion I struck back. Mr. Ballardie turned round at that moment and caught me in the very act, and almost before I knew what had happened I was getting a thrashing and giving him impudence.

When I got home my mother saw that something had gone wrong, and presently I told her all. Then, to my astonishment, she rose and, bringing pen and ink and a sheet of paper and an envelope and a "Queen's head," as we called a postage stamp in those days, bade me sit down and write a letter of apology to my teacher. I stoutly refused, but she simply said—"You don't rise off that seat till you have written that letter." I cried long and bitterly, but at last I had to yield. It is a long time ago since then, but I have not forgotten what I wrote.

"Mr. Ballardie,
Sir,

I am sorry I was impertinent to-day, and my mother hopes you will forgive me.

I am,

Sir,

Your obedient pupil."

A month or two afterwards Mr. Ballardie bade us all good-bye one day. His eyesight was threatening to give way, and he was going to Ceylon. That night he sent me *Sandford and Merton*, with my name and these words on the fly-leaf—"From his affectionate teacher, George Ballardie. Numbers vi., 24, 25, 26." The passage in Numbers, some of you will know, is what is known as Aaron's Benediction.

Many years after I was standing with two companions on a day in January on the top of Pedrotallagalla, the highest mountain in Ceylon—

it reaches a height of over 8,000 feet—when we were joined by a man who told us he was going home to Britain next day after fifteen years' absence. It was his first ascent of Pedro and he didn't like to go away without having climbed it. As we were talking, we saw a bramble-berry, or at least what we took to be one, and that led us on to talk about Scotland. "Did you ever hear of a Mr. Ballardie?" I asked.

"Which of them?" he said, "for there are three brothers."

"Yes," I said, "Mr. Joseph, and Mr. Thomas, and Mr. George, tell me about any of them, but first about Mr. George."

"Well," said the man, pointing to a place which he told us was eight miles off, "do you see that coffee-garden away over there? (It was in the days before coffee had been supplanted by tea in Ceylon.) That's where Mr. George Ballardie lives."

Only eight miles off! but it might as well have been eight hundred, for the steamer that was to take us to Singapore was already almost due at Point-de-Galle, and we had a long way to go, and every hour was precious.

I have never seen him since the day he said good-bye, but I can still see his blue eyes and his high forehead, and I can still hear him reading from the *Course*: "And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"



Reasons for not going to Church. 9th Series.—No. 4.

This Young Woman, who has been playing some airs she heard at the pantomime for the last two hours, does not go to church "because she can't stand those tiresome Scotch Psalm tunes." "Yes," he says, "they were evidently composed by people who knew nothing of music." Now it so happens that the last Sabbath she was in church the tunes sung were: Kedron, a Jewish chant many many hundreds of years old; St. Thomas, St. Matthew, Wiltshire, St. Olaf, Evening Hymn, written respectively by Purcell, Croft, Sir George Smart, Dr. Gauntlett, and Tallis, all famous English musicians; and Felix, Saxony, and Walton, written by Mendelssohn, Handel, and Beethoven!

| | | |
|---|----|---|
| 1 | M | Rich in good works.— <i>1 Tim. 6, 18.</i> |
| 2 | TU | Ready to distribute, |
| 3 | W | Willing to communicate. Last month, when Paris was in darkness owing to the electricians' strike, the <i>Figaro</i> newspaper, which makes its own electricity, generously printed six of its rivals every day. |
| 4 | TH | God loveth a cheerful giver.— <i>2 Cor. 9, 7.</i> |
| 5 | F | Well is it with the man that dealeth graciously and lendeth.— <i>Ps. 112, 5 (R. V.)</i> |
| 6 | S | Say not unto thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee.— <i>Prov. 3, 28.</i> |

| | | |
|----|----|---|
| 7 | S | How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?— <i>Heb. 2, 3.</i> |
| 8 | M | Neglect not the gift that is in thee.— <i>1 Tim. 4, 14.</i> |
| 9 | TU | Stir up the gift of God, which is in thee.— <i>2 Tim. 1, 6.</i> |
| 10 | W | Watch, lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping.— <i>Mark 13, 36.</i> Think not that Satan grinds his men to-day; Fold but thy hands, and thou wilt draw his pay.— <i>F. Langbridge.</i> |
| 11 | TH | I went and hid Thy talent in the earth. |
| 12 | F | Thou wicked and slothful servant. |
| 13 | S | Take the talent from him.— <i>Matt 25, 25-28.</i> |

| | | |
|----|----|--|
| 14 | S | Who art thou that judgest thy neighbour?— <i>James 4, 12.</i> |
| 15 | M | Create in me a clean heart, O God.— <i>Ps. 51, 10.</i> |
| 16 | TU | Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways. "We cannot improve the world faster than we improve ourselves."— <i>Dr. Mandell Creighton.</i> |
| 17 | W | Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye? |
| 18 | TH | And lo, the beam is in thine own eye.— <i>Matt. 7, 4.</i> |
| 19 | F | Let us search and try our ways.— <i>Lam. 3, 40.</i> |
| 20 | S | This we also pray for, even your perfecting.— <i>2 Cor. 13, 9 (R. V.)</i> |

| | | |
|----|----|---|
| 21 | S | When my soul fainted, I remembered the Lord.— <i>Jonah 2, 7.</i> |
| 22 | M | How say ye to my soul, Flee?— <i>Ps. 11, 1.</i> |
| 23 | TU | Jonathan strengthened David's hand in God.— <i>1 Sam. 23, 16.</i> |
| 24 | W | Deal courageously.— <i>2 Chron. 19, 11.</i> When General Beresford ordered a retreat from Albuera, 1811, Henry Hardinge, afterwards Governor-General of India, said to him, "Sir, you have got a court-martial on the one hand, and a peerage on the other." "I will try for the peerage," was the answer, and countermanding his own order, he got it. |
| 25 | TH | Moses looked unto the recompense of reward.— <i>Heb. 11, 26 (R. V.)</i> |
| 26 | F | Thy words have upholden him that was falling.— <i>Job 4, 4.</i> |
| 27 | S | In due time we shall reap if we faint not.— <i>Gal. 6, 9.</i> |

| | | |
|----|----|---|
| 28 | S | I have chosen you that you should bring forth fruit.— <i>John 15, 16.</i> |
| 29 | M | The Lord cometh, and maketh a reckoning. <i>Matt. 25, 19 (R. V.)</i> . In 1843 a Bank of England note, issued in 1718, was returned. Had it been laid out at 5 per cent. it would have brought in £15,000 to its possessor. |
| 30 | TU | Then the steward said within himself, What shall I do?— <i>Luke 16, 3.</i> |

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 5.

A Lesson in Manners.



"Put ou tongue in, Doggie! Put ou tongue in!"

THE MORNING WATCH for 1906, Volume XIX., is NOW READY. Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., and XVIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.
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London: The Sunday School Union 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.

SOME months ago I read a delightful little address given to the children of Craigmillar Park U.F. Church, Edinburgh, by their minister, the Rev. J. Rutherford, B.D., on Jacob's words to his sons as they set out for Egypt, "Take a little honey." He spoke about the duty of trying always "to keep things sweet." The honey of life is love, and we ought always to take a little honey with us, to have sweet tempers, to speak kind words, to go about singing and smiling, and never to look cross. "When boys and girls begin to be not sweet but sour, there are fathers and mothers who will look round the table and say: 'Where's the honey? Pass the honey: I'll take a little honey, please.'"

A friend in England told me the other day how his little daughter tried to "pass the honey." When she was only eighteen months old,

he saw her standing at the door of a room where the sun was shining, and putting her little hands together and carrying palmfuls of the sunshine into the dark corner of the room, and emptying them. This she did several times, saying each time as she did so, "Dere!" (There!)

I think you will not object to hear another charming little story about the same girl when she was two-and-a-half years old. She had been told, as most children need to be, that putting out one's tongue is very rude. A few days afterwards, being with her father in the Town Square of Blackpool, she saw a dog with his tongue hanging out. Running up to him she said, "Put ou tongue in, Doggie, put ou tongue in, Doggie!"

Did you ever see du Maurier's sketch of the lady who is asking her children who those four extraordinary-looking girls are that have just passed? And her daughter says, "Oh, these are the Cimabue Browns! and every time they meet us they put out their tongues!" And sure enough that is just what they are doing behind the lady's back at the very moment she is speaking. The Cimabue Browns were evidently not in the habit of taking "honey" with them.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued from page 41.)

What
is thy
name?
Ruth

With reference to the rarity of the name RUTH, I have received a kind letter, in which the writer says: "The name is more common with us in the South of England than with you in Scotland. For example,

What
is thy
name?

my only living sister is a Ruth, my stepmother was a Ruth, my only daughter's mother-in-law is an Orpah. I have three old friends who have each a daughter with the name of Ruth, and I have a maid-servant Naomi." It is not every day that one's hap is to light on a part of the field like that! Surely a house of Obed-edom which the Lord hath blessed!

SARAH.

We know SARAH as well as we do any woman in the Bible. She is the only one whose age at the birth of her son, 90 years, and at death, 127 years, is recorded. We know she was beautiful even in old age; we see her on a journey, and in her tent; we see her baking, listening—and she had a right to listen; we hear her telling a fib; we read about her temper, her quarrel with her maid, her obedience, her pride in her husband, her faith and tremendous courage in many a crisis; we are told about her death and burial; and her grave and the grounds about it, the only bit of ground her husband ever owned in the land of promise, are described with a loving minuteness that is unequalled—"the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about." She lived before Christ about as long as we live after Him, 1,900 years, and we can still hear and join with her in her holy laughter, for God, she said, "hath made me to laugh, so that all that hear will laugh with me." A pretty, wise, infectious, merry laugh—not the loud laugh you hear on the streets sometimes which is like the crackling of thorns under a pot—is a great gift of God. "My wife," says Mark Twain in his *Autobiography*, "had the hearty free laugh of a girl. It came seldom, but when it broke upon the ear it was as inspiring as music. I heard it for the last time when she had been occupying her sick-bed for more than a year, and I made a written note of it—a note not to be repeated."

Dean Stanley, when travelling in the East in 1852, being then 37 years old, thus writes to one of his college friends: "If you pass by our house in London after having heard of us, go and see our dear Sarah," that was, SARAH BURGESS, his nurse. Four years afterwards he thus writes from Canterbury to Jowett of Balliol: "Early on Wednesday morning our old and dear friend after whom you so kindly ask passed away. She had been with us for 38 years, and was certainly one of the best persons I have ever known, perfect in her generation, a constant refreshment and support when the heavens have been black around us, and when faithfulness has seemed to be ceasing out of the earth. It was always instructive to hear her talk. To us, to servants, to her own family, she was equally an oracle. One thing struck me a good deal the last time we spoke together about her end—the way in which she placed her whole confidence, not in the mercy, but in the justice of God. (See 1 John 1, 9.) Happily we were all together here. On Monday next I propose to follow her remains to Cheshire, and lay them beside her father and mother in Alderley Churchyard. Forgive me for saying so much, but to us no loss out of our own selves could be greater, and her loss can never be filled."

What
is thy
name?

SARAH.

The late John Addington Symonds, a well known man of letters, had a nurse of a very different kind: "My childish terrors," he says in his *Autobiography*, "were stimulated by the talk of our head-nurse, SARAH JONES, a drunken superstitious countrywoman. Once when we were living in the country in an insufficiently furnished house, I found it difficult to fall asleep in a stiff arm-chair, covered with horse-hair, prolonged into a make-shift for a bedstead. Sarah sat beside me working in the evening light, prodding the pillow and the mattresses at intervals with her needle, under the impression that she could frighten me into slumber."

Sereetha was a poor little Chelsea girl who came to serve as a stopgap in the interval of servants at Mrs. Carlyle's in 1835. She was very feeble, but very willing, says Mr. Carlyle in his *Notes to his wife's Letters*. Her romantic-looking name turned out to be SARAH HEATHER. They nicknamed her the Peesweep, that is, peewit or lapwing, with which swift but ineffectual bird she seemed to have some similarity. "Sereetha," says Mrs. Carlyle, writing to a friend, "has attained the un hoped-for perfection of getting up at half-past six of her own accord, lighting the parlour fire, and actually placing the breakfast things. . . . She can fetch up the tea things too, and our porridge for supper is easily made on the parlour fire; the kitchen one being allowed to go out (for economy) when the Peesweep retires to bed at eight o'clock."

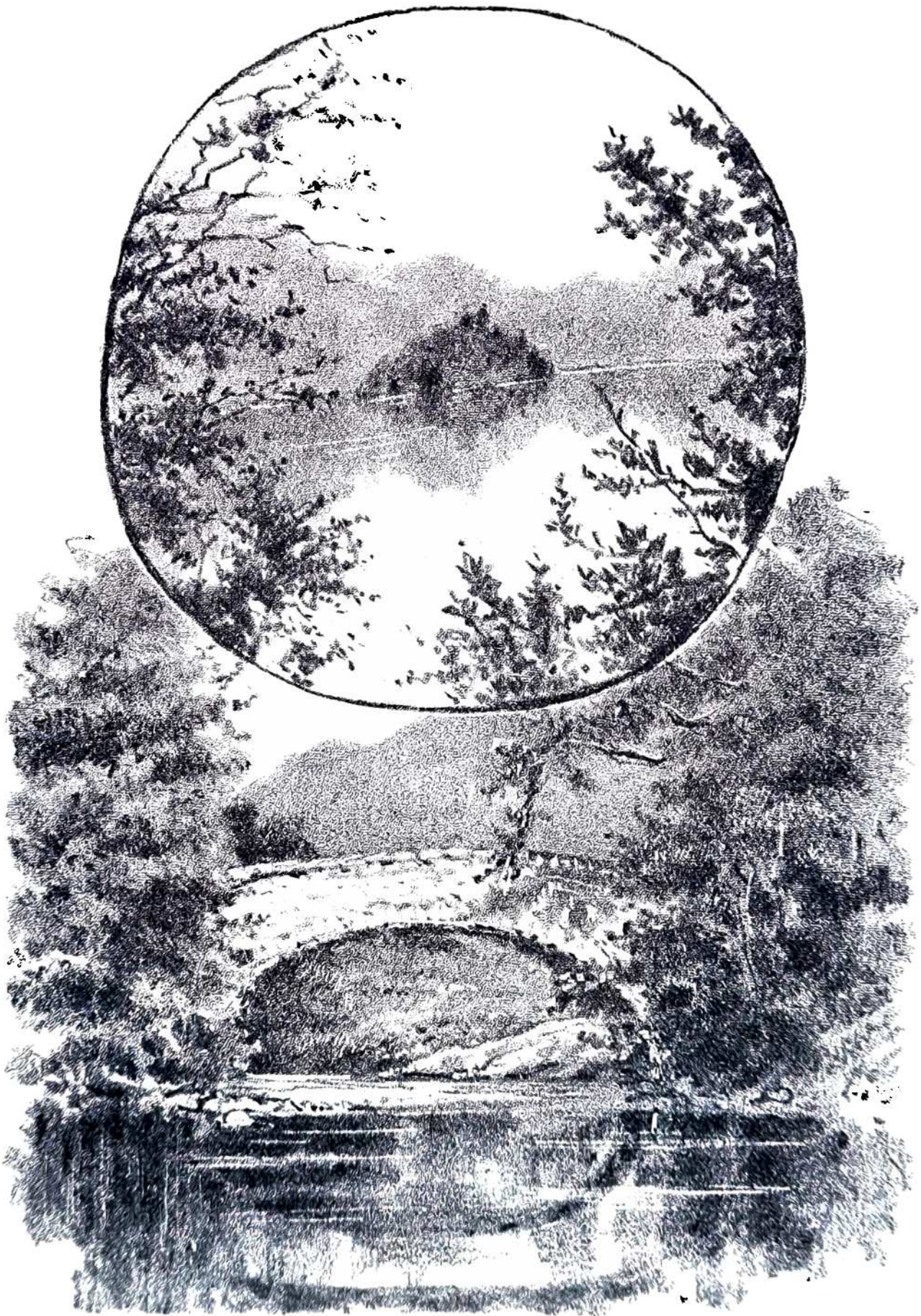
Mrs. Carlyle in her *Letters* thus describes another SARAH whom she had in 1860. "Sarah's tidiness and method are just what were wanted to correct little Charlotte's born tendency to muddle; while little Charlotte's willingness and affectionateness warm up Sarah's drier and more selfish nature. It is a curious establishment, with something of the sound and character of a nursery, Charlotte not nineteen till next March, and Sarah seventeen last week. And they keep up an incessant chirping and chattering and laughing; and as both have remarkably sweet voices, it is pleasant to hear. As neither of them can awake of herself, I don't know what I should have done about that hadn't Charlotte's friends come to the rescue. An old man who lodges with her aunt raps on the kitchen window till he wakes them every morning at six on his way to his work, and her uncle raps again on the window before seven, to make sure the first summons has been attended to! to say nothing of an alarum, which runs down at six, at their very bed-head, and never is heard by either of these fortunate girls."

SARAH, one of the lovely daughters and heiresses of Mr. Lister Selman, a Buckinghamshire squire, who was married in 1752 to one of the sons of Bishop Hare of Winchester, died of "a chill brought on by eating too many ices when overheated by dancing." One of the things she left at her death was a diamond necklace valued at £30,000.

Writing in 1894 at the age of 85, when his eyesight was troubling him, Mr. Gladstone wrote these words: "Many kind friends have read books to me. I must place LADY SARAH SPENCER at the head of the proficients in that difficult art; in distinctness of articulation, with low clear voice, she is supreme."



This First Fishing-Rod.



Ellen's Isle.

Brig o' Turk.

San Francisco's House-Cleaning Day.

And there is much rubbish.—Nehem. 4, 10.

I ONCE asked a good old man what men in the Bible he would like best to see when he went to heaven. He thought for a little, and then said, "If I get there, I think I would like to see Nehemiah and Nathanael"—a curious but very interesting choice.

As a school-boy I had the great good fortune to have a master, a Mr. James Jeffrey, who made Nehemiah the subject of our Bible lesson for some weeks, and so treated the story that I have loved it ever since. I remember specially that morning when he read the words in the fourth chapter—"for the people had a mind to work"—and then looked at some of us in a way that made us wince!

It was a year ago on the 18th of April since a great earthquake and a fire that raged for four days destroyed San Francisco. The city is now being rapidly rebuilt, but, till a few weeks ago, an enormous amount of refuse and dirt and debris still covered its streets, just as we are told, when Jerusalem was being rebuilt, "there was much rubbish."

Early last March the people of San Francisco resolved to have a great "house-cleaning day." The story of it, as given in the papers, reads like a chapter from Nehemiah's diary.

At six o'clock on the morning of the appointed day, the buglers set out from the gates of the Presidio,

and passing through the city sounded the call—"Get-up-and-go-to-work." To that summons 20,000 people answered, men, women, boys, and girls, and by seven o'clock they were being drafted into the three-and-twenty districts into which the city had been divided.

It was the working men, of course, who did most and did best, but doubtless the men who worked hardest were the doctors and lawyers and bankers and judges and clerks, for whose blistered hands and sprained wrists and dislocated thumbs special provision had to be made. Yet even in scavenging, I imagine, scholarship and genius and taste and a fresh eye will tell, and the wisest professionals of the art of sweeping would certainly pick up some hints for future use. None were exempted from the invitation, and if any idle well-dressed men came near they received a fresh call, and if they passed by on the other side, they were jeered at politely and becomingly. Even the visitors, or those whom the Bible calls the strangers within the gates, were pressed into the service. A millionaire from some eastern city bought a "jumper" and overalls, when he saw what was a-doing, and put in one happy day, working alongside some released jail-birds who must have thought there was even less difference and one more point of resemblance than they had imagined, between themselves and him. Women, too, wielded the brush, and when one looks at their portraits and dresses, one sees that the old commentators were wrong in

affirming that Shallum, the ruler of the half part of Jerusalem, and his daughter only paid the expense when it is said they "repaired the wall." I feel certain now they worked with their own hands.

From eleven to two, lunch tables were spread. Two sandwiches per man was the allowance first aimed at, but so much provision was handed in that every man might almost have had two hundred. A shovel on one's shoulder was all the ticket that was required, and some of these tickets were oftentimes transferred. But the ladies who served the tables refused to notice the passing of the shovels. When they found a shirker, who was also a diligent eater, they gave him in addition a rose or violet or daffodil—for immense stores of these also had been gathered in to help to make the work a play—and shamed him by their courtesy into at least a show of energy. Yet there were many who, as the papers put it, lent the day's proceedings nothing but the moral support of their presence at the tables, and some there were, chiefly "society" young men, who from their frequent visits to the stalls earned the name "repeaters"—a very different race from those of whom Nehemiah tells us more than once, who after doing one piece of the wall repaired another piece.

The mean man we have always with us, and of that class there were many other varieties in San Francisco. There were, for example, two young men who mocked and ridiculed the labourers, and for their

pains were laid hands on by the police, who must have been men after Nehemiah's own heart, and put in jail, a bail of no less a sum than £75 being demanded from each. But the meanest man of all seems to have been one Sol Lichtenstein, who, surely forgetful of the meaning of his name, did a deed of darkness and added to the burdens of the labourers by clearing out his own cellar "at the corner of Battery and California Streets," containing one hundred loads of rubbish, and piling it along the curb, and keeping fifteen wagon-and-horse teams that were lent for the public use busy all day, working for himself instead of for his fellow-citizens.

Of those who did well one has special pleasure in speaking of the men who chose Spear Street and Stewart Street, two of the muddiest; and those men who took no luncheon hour; and those boys, all under twelve, who, getting one block to do, did it, and then did a second; and those other boys, less noble than they, but still noble, who were so taken up with choosing and proclaiming their name, "The Californian Greys," that they had only time for one block. And one would like too to honour the witty woman who, finding one man deaf to all her appeals to him to work, yet gave him her best pies and doughnuts "simply as a suggestion of the higher life."

When the long day was done, it was found that four square miles of territory had been cleaned, 20,000 cubic yards of dirt had been removed by waggons, railway trucks, and



barges, other 70,000 scraped into piles, £25,000 worth of work done, and all at a cost of only £500. And the men and women who worked love their city more than ever, and have added to their memories a great and happy day.

The Twisted Spectacles.

God meant it unto good.—Gen. 50, 20.

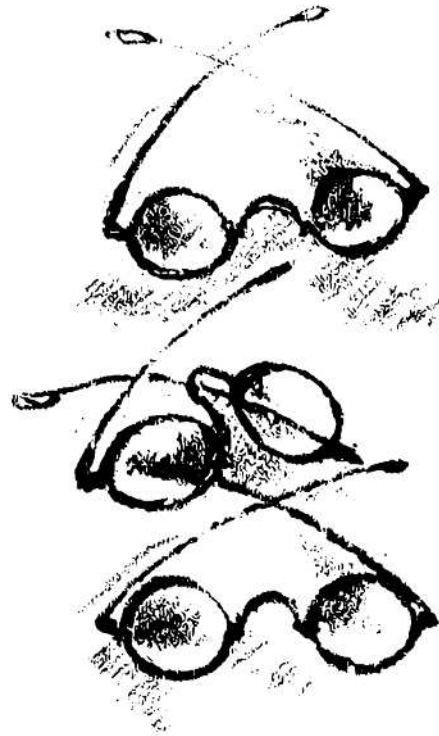
LET me tell you about a man who charged God foolishly.

The old folks used to speak about a labourer who went limping

and groaning all day because he hadn't time to take off his shoe and take out a little stone that was troubling him, and was dismissed by his master as a fool for his pains. Well, there was such another man, and his spectacles got a knock so that they didn't lie straight on his nose, and he put off and put off having them made right, for he never had enough time to spare, and in consequence he hurt his eyes and had headaches every day. Then one afternoon, when he was busier than ever, that is, when he had mismanaged his work more than usual, as he was passing along the street a gust of wind lifted a man's hat off and the hat struck our friend on the side of his head and buckled up the frame of his spectacles so that they were a sight to see. And wasn't he angry! and all the more so that at that particular time he had been putting himself about to do a person a little kindness. "Just what I might have expected," he said, "that's the way it always happens." And so, like Jonah, he thought he did well to be angry.

There was nothing now for him to do, of course, but to go to an optician's, and he told him at great length the whole story—how his spectacles had been twisted slightly

some months before, but now they were simply unwearable.



"And it is a good thing for you that they are," said the optician, "for if you had gone on using them as they were, you would have injured your eyes for life, and you might have known that," and then he took them into his workshop and brought them back in less than five minutes, not only as good as they had been that morning, but better, and all right now. "And I tell you again," said he, "it was a good thing that befel you this day, and it should be a lesson to you, more ways than one!"

Reasons for not going to Church. 9th Series.—No. 5.

This young man read some weeks ago that the King was understood "to have set his face steadfastly against the tyranny of 'creased' trousers." One Saturday lately, however, he saw in an evening paper that in spite of the King's truly heroic resolve, "the crease in the front and at the back of trousers



is still the hall-mark of the well-groomed man." But as it was impossible for him to get them well enough creased, even in his patent 17/6 'press and stretcher,' in one night's time, there was nothing for him to do next day but stay away from church, and go a fifteen mile walk in his knicker-bockers.

N.B.—It is not a little curious that this same young man, whenever he speaks about ministers, always refers to them as "The Cloth."

| | | |
|----|----|---|
| 1 | W | A people prepared for the Lord.— <i>Luke 1, 17.</i> |
| 2 | TH | A kingdom prepared for you.— <i>Matt. 25, 34.</i> |
| 3 | F | Ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto Me.— <i>Ex. 19, 5.</i> The Rev. John Gibb, a Fifeshire Minister, 1668-1742, once described a good old man as “ <i>a piece of heaven’s plenishing.</i> ” |
| 4 | S | They shall bring the glory and the honour of the nations into it.— <i>Rev. 21, 26.</i> |
| 5 | S | The Lord is very pitiful.— <i>James 5, 11.</i> |
| 6 | M | His compassions fail not.— <i>Lam. 3, 22.</i> |
| 7 | Tu | The Lord raiseth up them that are bowed down.— <i>Psa. 146, 8.</i> |
| 8 | W | He hath not despised the affliction of the afflicted. |
| 9 | TH | I delivered him that had none to help him.— <i>Job 29, 12.</i> |
| 10 | F | The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me. “He refused to be taken by any driver who was not down in the world, and chose the dirtiest and most broken down cab, hardly safe to drive in, and the most dilapidated coachman, overpaying him largely.”— <i>Life of the Rev. Alfred Ainger, Master of the Temple.</i> |
| 11 | S | Did not I weep for him that was in trouble?— <i>Job 30, 25.</i> |
| 12 | S | The gifts of God are not repented of.— <i>Rom. 11, 29.</i> |
| 13 | M | Having loved His Own, He loved them unto the end.— <i>John 13, 1.</i> |
| 14 | TU | Love never faileth.— <i>1 Cor. 13, 8 (R. V.)</i> |
| 15 | W | I pray that they may also be one in Us.— <i>John 17, 21, 26.</i> |
| 16 | TH | That the love wherewith Thou lovedst Me may be in them. |
| 17 | F | Thy dead.— <i>Gen. 23, 6.</i> Amongst Dr. Lyman Beecher’s papers was found a letter of his wife’s dated 2nd Sept., 1798, endorsed in a tremulous hand, 38 years after she was dead, “Roxana beloved still, this 5th Dec., 1854.” |
| 18 | S | Jesus, remember me when Thou comest in Thy Kingdom.”— <i>Luke 23, 42.</i> |
| 19 | S | They communed with each other of all these things which had happened. |
| 20 | M | While they communed and questioned together, Jesus Himself drew near and went with them. |
| 21 | TU | Dost Thou not know the things which are come to pass? |
| 22 | W | He made as though He would go further. |
| 23 | TH | And they constrained Him, saying, Abide with us. |
| 24 | F | And He went in to abide with them. |
| 25 | S | When He had sat down with them to meat, He took the loaf, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them.— <i>Luke 24, 13-30 (R. V.)</i> |
| 26 | S | I am thy God.— <i>Is. 41, 10.</i> Thou art my God.— <i>Psa. 31, 14.</i> |
| 27 | M | Thy God shall be my God.— <i>Ruth 1, 16.</i> |
| 28 | TU | My father’s God, and I will exalt Him.— <i>Ex. 15, 2.</i> |
| 29 | W | As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.— <i>Josh. 24, 15.</i> I once saw these words in Hebrew exquisitely cut out of paper, and coloured, right round the mantelpiece of a minister’s study. |
| 30 | TH | This God is our God for ever and ever: |
| 31 | F | He will be our guide even unto death.— <i>Psa. 48, 14.</i> |

June, 1907.

One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 6.



"Walking in Mother's Steps."

THE MORNING WATCH for 1906, Volume XIX., is NOW READY. Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., and XVIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

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Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Be ye imitators of me, even as I also am of Christ. 1 Cor. 11, 1 (R.V.)

Mark them which so walk even as ye have us for an ensample. Phil. 3, 17 (R.V.)

MRS. SELLAR, wife of the late Professor of Latin in Edinburgh University, tells a little story in her book of *Recollections* about their gardener's aunt, one Ann Johnston, a woman who was "full of sentiment." "When I was a little lassie," she said, "I used to walk behind my mother on the moor and put my small feet into her foot-prints, I liked her that weel."

Mrs. Sellar is very proud of her own parents and specially of her father, and with good reason. He was Mr. Dennistoun of Golhill, one of the great merchants who helped to make Glasgow great.

The only check in his prosperous career, she tells us, was in the panic of 1857. Owing to their connexion with a Bank and some other businesses which failed, Mr. Dennistoun's Firm had to suspend payment, with liabilities of over three million pounds. The concern, however, was sound at bottom, and asked only for a few years' grace from its creditors. That was cheerfully granted. The firm pub-

lished a full and true statement of their affairs, and in consequence the public confidence was immediately restored. Before the year was ended every creditor had been paid in full with 5 per cent interest for the delay, and in a few years the members of the Firm themselves had regained all that they lost. "I remember," says Mrs. Sellar, "going from St. Andrews that winter to see my Father. I found he had put down all his men-servants and carriages, and was living in the most simple way. I heard that he had said—'The creditors shall have every penny due to them, and 5 per cent added, if I have never another shirt to my back.' There are some defeats," she adds, "that are as good as victories, and this I have always counted one, and proud of my Father as I always was, I never felt so proud of him as at this time."

Mr. Dennistoun's Father was one of the founders of the Union Bank of Scotland, and sometimes when you see a Union Bank Pound-Note, you will remember this story of the courage and honesty of the man after whom the district in the East of Glasgow called *Dennistoun* is named.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, was very proud of a thing his Father, Major Octavius Temple, did. When he was the British Resident or Representative in the Ionian Islands, he was entrusted with a case of jewels by a Turkish Pasha who was afterwards killed. No claimant appeared, and no owner could be found. The Major accordingly gave them up to

the Foreign Office, and received neither thanks nor reward. "But," said Dr. Temple, "it was worth more than jewels to be the son of such a man."

And a greater man than Dr. Temple, Dr. Livingstone, loved to

tell about one of his ancestors, a poor islander who lived in Ulva, who when dying called his children round him and said, "I have searched diligently through all the traditions of our family, and I never could find that there was a dishonest man amongst our forefathers."

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued from page 52.)

What
is thy
name?

ARAH.

Jonathan Edwards, one of the greatest of American thinkers and divines, 1703-1758, had for his wife SARAH PIERREPONT, of whom in her youth he gave a description, written surely in a state of ecstasy, that was much admired by Dr. Chalmers :

"They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is loved of that Great Being Who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding great delight ; and that she hardly cares for anything except to meditate on Him—that she expects after a while to be received up where He is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven, being assured that He loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from Him always. There she is to dwell with Him for ever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind and singular purity in her affections ; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct ; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind, especially after this Great God has manifested Himself to her. She will sometimes go about from place to place singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her."

It was said of her during her later life that "she was tender of every person's character, even of those who injured and spoke ill of her. If she saw her children waste anything, she would repeat the words of our Saviour—'that nothing be lost.' She seldom punished them, and had need to speak but once. She was cheerfully obeyed ; murmuring and answering again were not known amongst them. When their parents came into the room they all rose instinctively from their seats, and never resumed them until their parents were

What
is thy
name?

SARAH.

seated ; and when either parent was speaking they were all immediately silent and attentive. Quarrelling and contention were in her family unknown. She carefully observed the first appearance of ill-will and resentment in her young children towards any person whatever, and did not connive at it, but was careful to show her displeasure and suppress it to the utmost. It was her rule to resist the first as well as every subsequent exhibition of temper or disobedience in a child however young, until its will was brought into submission to hers, wisely reflecting that *until a child will obey its parents, he can never be brought to obey God.*"

She died in 1758, six months after her husband, in her 49th year.

When the late Dr. B. F. Westcott, Bishop of Durham, a great Biblical scholar, was a boy at school at Birmingham, he took the part of a little fellow who was being knocked about by a big bully in the street one day. The little fellow in gratitude asked him to go home with him, and there the future Bishop met the boy's sister, SARAH LOUISA WHITTARD. He seems to have fallen in love with her very early, for in his first diary, written when he was only sixteen, he refers to her, as he continued to do all his days, as "Φ," which is the first letter of the Greek word *Φιλία*, *Philtate*—three syllables—which means *Dearest*. The 1st September, her birthday, he calls "the great day of the year." During his student life at Cambridge he wrote to her once a week. They read the same chapter of the Bible, night and morning. The one text he recommended to her above all others was : "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 5, 16), on which words he makes this comment : "What can be so great an honour to poor, frail, sinful mortals as to add to the extent of the divine glory? What human distinction can compare with this?" They were married in 1852. She died in 1901. On the last morning of her life he had to go from home to open a cemetery. When he landed at the station on his return, there was this message awaiting him : "The home-call came about six." On a little book which he published shortly after, he put these words : "I had purposed to dedicate this book to my wife, for 48 years my unfailing counsellor and stay : I now dedicate it to her memory."

Here is a story of a little SARAH, who, without knowing it, made her mark in history.

Benjamin West, the great painter, was born in Pennsylvania in 1738, the tenth child of Quaker parents. In his seventh year he was placed one day with a fly-switch in his hand to watch his eldest sister's sleeping baby, while his mother gathered flowers in the garden. As he sat by the cradle, the child smiled in its sleep. Struck with its beauty, he took a piece of paper and drew its portrait in red and black ink. His mother presently returned, and seeing him trying to hide the paper, snatched it from him. Having looked at it, she exclaimed, "I declare he has made a likeness of little SALLY!" and then she took him in her arms and kissed him fondly. He died in 1820, and was buried in London in St. Paul's Cathedral.

What
is thy
name?

Sarah.

When Lord Macaulay was a child he had a little plot of ground at the back of the house, marked out as his own by a row of oyster shells, which a maid named SALLY threw away one day as rubbish. He went straight to the drawing-room, where his mother was entertaining visitors, walked into the circle, and speaking very solemnly said, "Cursed be SALLY, for it is written, Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark."—*Deut. 27, 17.*



The
Hedge
Sparrow.

*God quickens the pulse of creation,
And maketh all feebleness strong,
Till it spread into blossoms of beauty,
And burst into pæans of song.*

Prof. J. S. Blackie.



TWENTY minutes ago that Cat came softly into the room to family worship, and lay demurely on the rug, the very picture of gentleness and innocence and peace. Twenty minutes ago, when we were singing, that Mavis joined in, and sang "with delectation" among the branches hard by. And now the Cat has the face of a tiger, and the

poor Mavis—is in the land of forgetfulness.

Twenty minutes more have passed, and the Owner of the Cat, who a little ago was remarking the change in its look and manner, and marvelling how such duplicity could be, has come back to the house like a raging bear for a letter he forgot. Who, looking at him,

would believe that that is the man who was singing less than an hour ago—

God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid,

Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid?

How little better is a man than a cat—at times!

How many of you, I wonder, can read that writing and shew me the interpretation thereof? It is a man's signature, and manifestly the writing of a learned man, for no uneducated man could write like that. The late Master of the Temple, Dr. Alfred Ainger, used to get angry, his biographer tells us, when he saw an indistinctly written address. It was, he said, an act of selfishness to the overworked clerks in the Post Office, and he would make his nieces re-write unreadable directions, or copy them out himself, rather than despatch them as they were. The great sculptor, Michael Angelo, writing to his nephew, three hundred and fifty years ago, asked him where he had learned to write, and begged him not to add to the annoyances he already had by sending him any more badly-written letters, and finally told him that he had taken to throwing them into the fire unread.

Young people like to see their names beautifully written, and are particularly proud when they see

them in print. And so it should be. What is the good of a name if one can't name it?

They used to tell of some town in America in which the gas was so bad that the man whose work it was to put the lights out in the morning—whom curiously enough we call even then *the lamplighter*—had to take a lantern with him to find out where the lamp-posts were. So, if the light that is in us be darkness, how great is that darkness. We got names to distinguish us, and if we are careless about them, we plainly don't wish to be distinguished, but rather to be extinguished. Yet, strange to say, many people are very proud of their bad writing and in particular of their unreadable and therefore, as they stupidly imagine, uncopyable signatures, and so it was with the great scholar whose name has puzzled you. His son tells us that one man made nearly fifty guesses at the name, and all of them wrong. There was a great dandy in the days of George IV. whose neckties were his special glory, but he had to make many

an attempt every day before he attained "the perfection of consummate achievement." His valet, we are told, was seen coming out of his master's dressing-room one day with a whole trayful of spoilt ties, and in answer to the wondering

looks of the friends who were waiting for an audience of the great man said, "Gentlemen, these are our failures!"

So, here is the list of the correspondent's failures:—

| | | |
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|
| N. BOWTELL. | W. NONTIOLL. | W. S. UNTILL. |
| W. F. COUTAULD. | W. NONTIOTT. | W. WARTELL. |
| W. FRONTITH. | W. F. NORTHCOTE. | W. J. WATCOTT. |
| W. FROUNTELL. | W. NUNTELL. | W. WATELL. |
| W. J. HEWLETT. | W. RONTISH. | W. F. WATELL. |
| W. HONTETH. | W. ROWSTICK. | W. H. WATELL. |
| W. HOWLETT. | W. SLONTISH. | W. J. WATERLOO. |
| W. HOWTETT. | W. SLOWTITE. | J. H. WATERTON. |
| W. HOWTITE. | W. STONTELL. | W. J. WATETT. |
| J. MENTEITH. | W. STONTIDE. | W. T. WATIOTE. |
| W. MATOCK. | W. STONTCOTE. | J. F. WATITT. |
| J. MONTEITH. | W. SWATIOTT. | W. F. WESTROLL. |
| W. MONTEITH. | W. SWEETETT. | W. S. WHITWORTH. |
| W. NONTALL. | W. SWINTOTT. | W. F. WRITESTH. |
| W. NONTICK. | W. SWINTULL. | W. J. WORTELL. |
| | W. TRONTIDE. | |

There are, of course, as any one can see, other readings equally possible or impossible. But these are enough, though I may say that a friend to whom the writing was shewn said, "It looks like 'Self-control,' though any penmanship more devoid of self-control or even self-respect it would not be easy to find."

We ought all to be able to say like the Apostle Paul, Ye see with how large letters I have written unto you, and to add, Which is the token in every epistle; so I write. Plain writing and distinct speaking ought to accompany clear, honest, fearless thinking. And indeed it is

not a little odd that the story that is oftenest told about the famous scholar and divine whose writing we have been looking at, proves that his indistinct writing was but the reflexion and outcome of his frequently confused thinking. This is the story. A thick fog having suddenly come down on London, some one asked what could be the cause of it. "I suspect," said Dean Liddon, "that our friend the Canon has just opened his study window!"

P.S.—This is the writing—*B. F. Westcott*, the man about whose love for his wife I have told you on page 63.



THESE two laddies were born and brought up in a little Highland glen, and used to amuse themselves as children by making little waterfalls and lakes. The rapacity of a landlord and a succession of rainy seasons drove their parents into one of our large cities, and people who knew them wondered why God so dealt with them. Could

He not have withheld the rain and given them fruitful seasons?

When the boys came to town they carried their old engineering instincts with them. One day, for example, by making what other boys called "a gush," they saved some poor people's houses from flooding, and so impressed the policeman with their workmanlike procedure

that, instead of "running them in" he gave them, as he put it, "the benefit of the doubt," though there was no doubt in anybody's mind but his own.

Fifteen years later the brothers were engine-drivers in India, and used to lament to each other the waste of water that fell in the rainy season. Then one of them was killed by a landslip, and the other came home in broken health to die. But before he left India he had some earnest talks with a certain

high Government official. And now in the South of England there is an old man who got his K.C.S.I. for his great Irrigation Works, which have more than once saved a whole district from famine. But when he is praised for what he did, he always says, "It was a Scotch engine-driver that did it all."

And that is why the rain was sent to that Highland glen 30 years ago. When we don't understand God's plans, give Him, too, "the benefit of the doubt."

Reasons for not going to Church. 9th Series.—No. 6.

This Woman's husband came home in great glee a few days ago. He had been taking a cart-load of sand up a stiffish brae when an elderly minister, seeing it was as much as the horse could do, crossed over and shoved behind. "I thanked him," said the man, "and told him the horse would have thanked him too if it could, but he just laughed and said he was afraid he had only pushed a pound or two, "but," added he, 'It is I who ought to thank you, for you have lifted a great load off me. I have been trying in vain since Monday to get a text for next Sabbath afternoon, and I have got one now, and a fine one, and it was your cart that suggested it—I think it's near the end of the Book of Proverbs—'A stone is heavy, and the sand weighty; but a fool's wrath is heavier than them both: You can move the one, but you can't move the other, and indeed you needn't try.'"

"Oh, but it is well seen," said the woman, "that you are a simpleton, and many is the time I have told you that—to think that you would let any man call you a fool just because you are a poor man. If you had been riding in a carriage he wouldn't have called you that."

"But he didn't call me a fool; that's not what he meant at all," replied her husband.

Since then she has put it, she says, to all her neighbours, and every one of them, without exception, says no other meaning could possibly be



taken out of the words, "and as Mrs. Ingleston said, when I told her, 'though it was not your own minister, yet they are all alike, and if you would take my advice,' says she, 'you would never darken a church door again. My word!' says she, 'but I would let them know,' says she, 'that a fool's wrath is even heavier than they thought.' And that's just what I am going to do!"

| | | |
|----|----|--|
| 1 | S | We look for new heavens and a new earth.— <i>2 Pet. 3, 13</i> . "Grandpapa," said my children, "are you never tired of seeing the same view?" "I have never seen the same view," was his answer.— <i>Mrs. Sellar</i> . |
| 2 | S | A faithful man who can find?— <i>Prov. 20, 6</i> . "Almost all letters between friends begin with excuses for not having written sooner."— <i>Sir Arthur Helps</i> . |
| 3 | M | Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph.— <i>Gen. 40, 23</i> . |
| 4 | Tu | They sang His praise. They soon forgot His works.— <i>Ps. 106, 12</i> . |
| 5 | W | I will pay that that I have vowed.— <i>Jonah 2, 9</i> . |
| 6 | TH | I am the Truth.— <i>John 14, 6</i> . |
| 7 | F | I said, I will never break My covenant.— <i>Judg. 2, 1</i> . |
| 8 | S | Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands.— <i>Is. 49, 16</i> . |
| 9 | S | Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not.— <i>Jer. 45, 5</i> . |
| 10 | M | Sit not down in the chief seat.— <i>Luke 14, 8 (R. V.)</i> . |
| 11 | Tu | Go and sit down in the lowest place. |
| 12 | W | Friend, go up higher. |
| 13 | TH | For everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled ; |
| 14 | F | And he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. |
| 15 | S | She answered, I dwell among mine own people.— <i>2 Kings 4, 13</i> . (She got her proper place in due time, among the heroes of faith.— <i>Heb. 11, 35</i> .) |
| 16 | S | Jesus was subject unto His parents.— <i>Luke 2, 51</i> . |
| 17 | M | Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. |
| 18 | Tu | Honour thy father and mother, that it may be well with thee. |
| 19 | W | The commandment with promise.— <i>Eph. 6, 2</i> . |
| 20 | TH | A stubborn son.— <i>Deut. 21, 18</i> . The late Admiral Sir G. P. Hornby, when a child, was heard screaming to his nurse—"I must ! I will ! I shall !" |
| 21 | F | Put away from thee a froward mouth.— <i>Prov. 4, 24</i> . |
| 22 | S | He that hath a froward heart findeth no good.— <i>Prov. 17, 20</i> . |
| 23 | S | He was called Faithful and True. |
| 24 | M | And His name is called The Word of God.— <i>Rev. 19, 11-13 (R. V.)</i> . |
| 25 | Tu | By thy words thou shalt be justified.— <i>Matt. 12, 36</i> . |
| 26 | W | By thy words thou shalt be condemned. |
| 27 | TH | Every idle word they shall give account thereof. |
| 28 | F | In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin.— <i>Prov. 11, 19</i> . |
| 29 | S | He that refraineth his lips is wise. "The late Prof. Fredrick York Powell of Oxford was very particular about simplicity in style. I said to him once, 'Is not M—, wrong to say she is <i>very delighted</i> ? I always say, <i>very much delighted</i> .' 'Yes,' he said, 'but better still, say you are delighted.'"— <i>The Oxford Magazine</i> . |
| 30 | S | Be thou faithful unto death.— <i>Rev. 2, 10</i> . If the Japanese Emperor gives a colour to a regiment, it is reckoned the duty of <i>every single man</i> in the regiment to die before it is taken. |

July, 1907.

One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 7.

“The Little Minister.”



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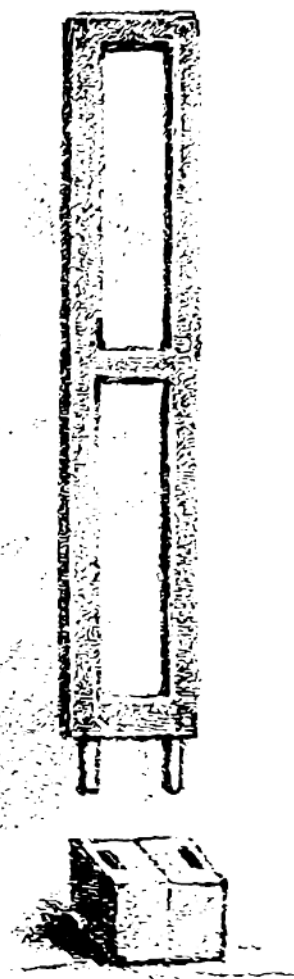
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Ludgate Hill, E.C.

And the silver of them that were numbered of the congregation was 100 talents and 1775 shekels. And of the 100 talents of silver were cast the sockets of the sanctuary, and the sockets of the vail; 100 sockets of the 100 talents, a talent for a socket. And of the 1775 shekels Bezaleel made hooks for the pillars.—Exodus 38, 25-28.

IT was good of the Most High God, Whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, to come and dwell with men in the wilderness, and to dwell like them in a little tent. It was good of Him to ask them to make the tent for Him, and to make it of so many and of such different kinds of material, from precious stones to goats' hair, that everybody that was willing, rich or poor, could give something. But God did more than that to show how keen He was to dwell with men. All Israelites over twenty years of age were numbered, and every one had to pay a tax of half-a-shekel—that is, about a shilling. From the shillings so obtained were made a hundred sockets of solid silver for the wooden boards of which the walls of the Tabernacle were made to rest in. Each socket would weigh over a hundredweight, and would be worth about £350,

and as there were a hundred of them—that is, one for every $2\frac{1}{4}$ feet right round the Tabernacle—one can easily imagine how beautiful they would look, and how splendidly they would glisten both by night



and day. And God wished, yes, compelled, every Israelite to be able to say, "I helped to make these sockets; I have a name and a place in my God's house; it is my house as well as His; I am one of God's family; I am one of God's sons."

This was the first House that God had on earth, and just as a husband and wife have a peculiar affection all their days for their

first home, so God, as it were, never seems to be tired of talking about that Tent of Meeting in the Wilderness. He counts the beams, and the sockets, and the hooks, over and over again, and He likes us to read about them.

But the Tent was not a permanency. It was made to be taken down, and in process of time Tent, bars, and sockets, and all, were lost or disappeared. Then God caused a Temple to be built of which He said, This is My rest for ever: here will I dwell.

Every one of us has a name and

a place in God's house. We were baptized into it when we were unconscious little children. We have given money to support it, both willingly and against our wills. We have helped to beautify it by our very presence every Sabbath day. But many become weary of it, and forsake it, and then Christ says to us, Will ye also go away? Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the Temple of My God; and he shall go no more out, and I will write upon him the Name of My God, and the name of the city of My God: and I will write upon him My Own New Name.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued from page 65.)

What
is thy
name?

SARAH.

In the Diary of Philip Henry, 1631-1696, father of Matthew Henry the Commentator, we have in his references to four Sarahs a beautiful glimpse into his character—1. As a good brother; 2. As a good master; and 3. As a good father.

1. "Sister SARAH came to us; told me several passages in connexion with her stay in Ireland. God that hath hitherto kept her keep her still from all evil. Amen."

2. "Deborah Brookfield went from us after two years' continuance with us, I wish I could say proportionately better. SARAH PROBART came to live with us in her stead. Lord, let her soul live in Thy sight."

3. "25 July, 1671. This day SARAH went to school to SARAH MICKLEWIGHT. The Lord in mercy preserve her there and prosper the means of her education. Give her and the rest of them that better part that shall never be taken from them. Amen."

"On medicine mornings"—these were the days when everything was done according to use and wont—"we got water-gruel. I see it now, unstrained, thick, black, and seasoned with salt. This frightful bowl made me sick, and I could not take it. Breakfast, dinner, and supper passed, and the cold gruel remained untouched. Faint from hunger, I lay down in the evening on the floor of the little room where I had passed the summer's day imprisoned, and sobbed out that I wished to die. One of the housemaids, on her tour of window-

What
is thy
name?

SARAH.

shutting, a Hertfordshire girl, SALLY WITHAN, whom I remember with gratitude to this hour, unturned the key which kept me prisoner, and threw beside me some red-streaked apples. I have loved apples ever since. Good humoured, rosy-cheeked Sally Withan!"—*Memoirs of a Highland Lady*.

About 30 years ago, there died a young Welsh girl named SARAH WILLIAMS who wrote many beautiful pieces of verse. Here are two solemn stanzas from one of her poems :

Because I spent the strength Thou gavest me
In struggles which Thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer Thee,
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I was impatient, would not wait,
But thrust my impious hands across Thy threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life,
O Lord, I do repent.

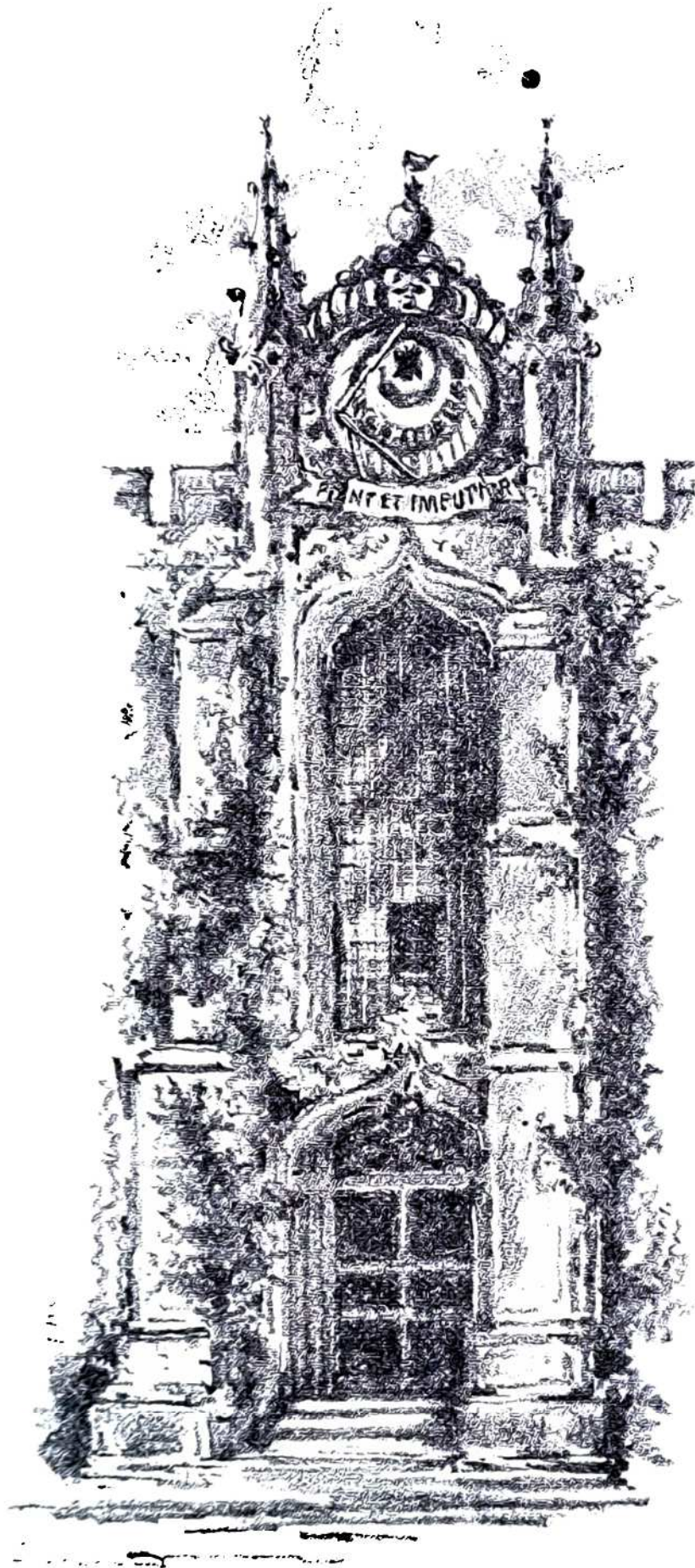
Pereunt et Imputantur.

ALL SOULS' COLLEGE is one of the most interesting places in Oxford, and Oxford is one of the most interesting cities in the World.

The College was founded in 1437 in memory of the dead who fell in the Battle of Agincourt and in the subsequent wars with France. In the roll of its Fellows are some of the great names of English history : Thomas Linacre and Thomas Sydenham, the physicians, Jeremy Taylor, the preacher, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, Sir William Blackstone, the lawyer, and Reginald Heber, the author of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." It was Wren who erected the great Sun-Dial which adorns the back Quadrangle, a dial so correctly made that before the days of telegraphic communication the Oxford watchmakers, it is said, used to set their clocks by it. The motto, which is not an infrequent one on dials both in England and on the Continent, is taken from one of the epigrams of Martial, a Roman poet who lived in the first century

of our era. *Pereunt et Imputantur*, They pass away, that is, *Soles*, the days, the hours, pass away, and are reckoned against us, or, laid to our account. A few weeks ago, as I stood gazing at that dial, one of the Fellows of All Souls' told me that many a man had tried his hand at translating the words, and he had heard one translation that was very good, but unfortunately it had escaped his memory. Whereupon I told him of the rendering a friend of mine, a Greenock U.F. minister who is a skilled artificer in words, had made some years ago, which had always seemed to me to be singularly felicitous, better even than the original, though perhaps the phraseology was too much of a Scotticism to be appreciated by an Englishman. *Pereunt et Imputantur*, "Bye, but not by-with."

Judge of my delight when this Englishman said, "That is good. I must make a note of it"—which he accordingly proceeded to do; then, reading it over, he added;



"That is a better translation than the one I have forgotten!"

Yes, bye but not by-with, gone but not done with, or as Ecclesiastes puts it, God requireth that which is past. As long as we live we carry the past with us, the entries in our day-books have to go into our ledgers, and the summations at the end of one ledger, on both sides of our account, are carried forward into the next volume. And even after we are dead, and our sins are all forgiven, God Himself is not done with our past; we leave behind us work to do, and things to undo, that will keep Him busy, it may be, for hundreds and hundreds of years to come. Yet so full is the pardon Christ purchased for us on the cross, and so deep and true will be our penitence when we shall see His face, that all these tasks that we shall leave for God to do when we are gone, He will do, not angrily or grudgingly, but most joyfully and lovingly.



Ye shall teach your children these My words, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt write them upon the door posts of thine house, and upon thy gates; that your days may be multiplied.—Deut. 11, 19,

WHEN Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-1885, Bishop of Lincoln, nephew of the poet William Wordsworth, was a young man, he was appointed minister of a parish in Berkshire that bore the strange name of Stanford-in-the-Vale-cum-Goosey. Over the principal door of his house he caused Ps. 127, 1,

to be inscribed—"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." On the dining-room ceiling, on the sides of its low rafters, he put 4 texts:

1. "Whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. 10, 31.

2. "Speak evil of no man." Titus 3, 2.

3. "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness." Matt. 5, 6.

4. "In everything give thanks." 1 Thess. 5, 18.

Over the door of his study he printed the Greek words

Ἐξαγοράζεσθε τὸν καιρὸν

Exagorazesthe ton kairon,

that is, "Redeem the time," Eph. 5, 16, and round the bow window, also in Greek, the text, 2 Cor. 5, 17, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

Over his dressing-room door was the text:

Nolumus exspoliari sed supervestiri, that is, "Not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon," 2 Cor. 5, 4. Then, lastly, over his wife's store-room he put the words

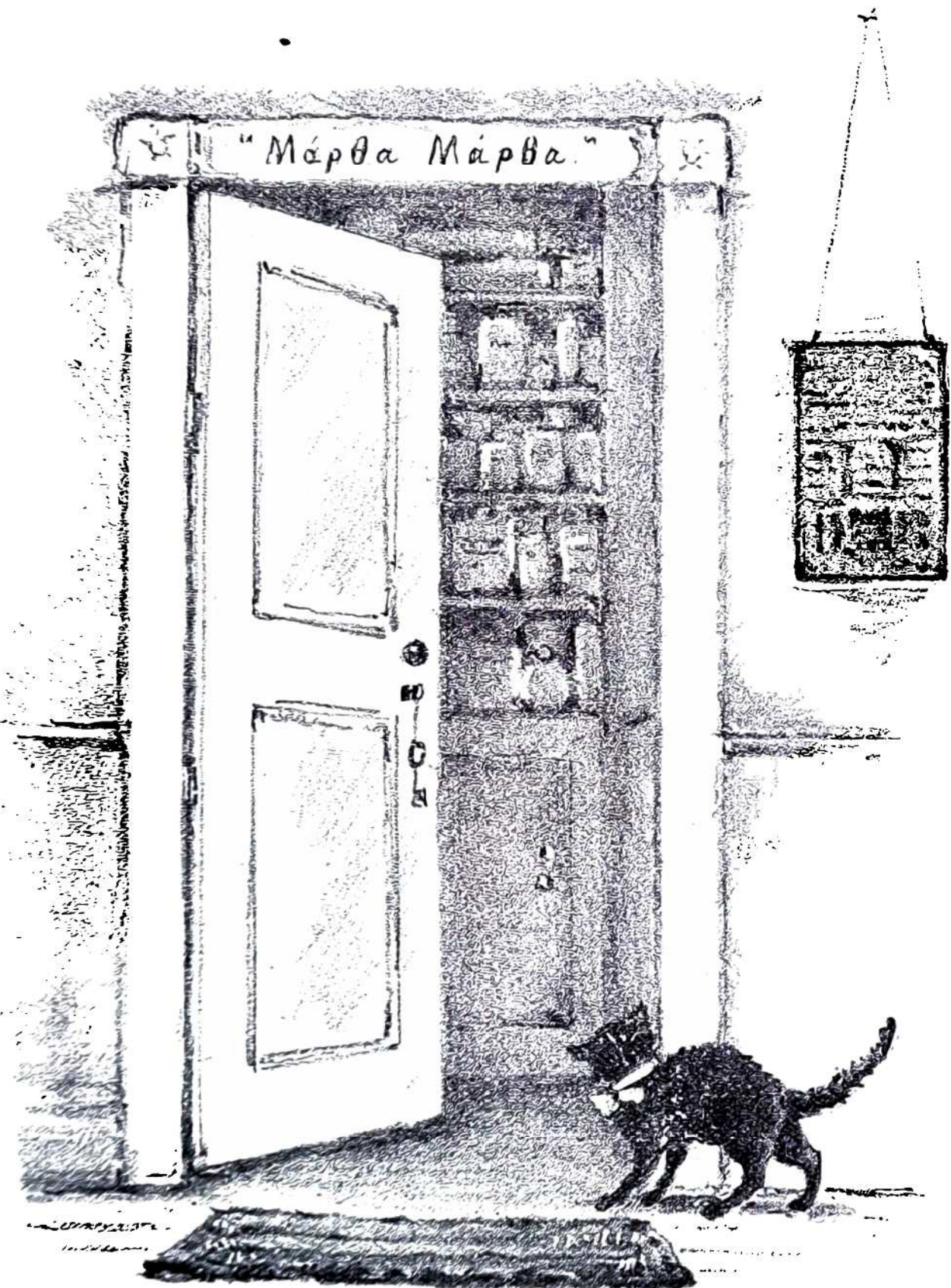
Martha Martha

Luke 10, 41, as a delicate little warning to her not to be anxious and troubled about many things.

Dr. Wordsworth had a remarkably good memory for names and faces. Yet so careful was he to avoid mistakes that he kept a note-book

which his biographer says was entitled in Greek, "Arniognomosune" (Arniomnemosune?) that is

Lamb-record, or *Lamb-register*, in which he wrote down the names of the children in his parish with such



remarks as to their personal appearance and disposition as these :

Mary C—, black eyes like Mrs. D.

Ellen W—, hair tied, brown ribbon.

Henry M—, reserved, shy.

Jesse W—, white, flaxen, longish hair.

Rebecca —, red, large, good-natured face ; good.

Anne —, scowlish.

His first list gave place afterwards to a more complete one which he called *Speculum Gregis*, that is, *My Flock's Looking-glass*. And as for poor scowlish Anne, let us hope either that her minister judged her unfairly, or else that she, catching a sight of herself in her own looking-glass as well as in his, and then beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, was changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit.

“The Off-putter.”

MR. EDGERFIELD is one of the kindest and cleverest of men, but he is always late. He dawdles at the beginning, and is in a fearful hurry at the end, with everything. One third of his life is spent in resolving to do better this time, and another third in regretting that he hasn't, and the intervening third is the place where the other two thirds meet. In business circles he is known as *The Off-putter*. “I don't know a nicer or a more obliging fellow,” you may here people saying, “but you can't rely on him.” He will sit up all night doing a thing that should have been finished yesterday ; he will hand it in at your house before you are out of bed in the morning, and he will

almost cry when you tell him to-morrow that his delay lost you a big contract. Ay, and the vexing thing is that by sitting up in vain to oblige you he lost another contract for another man, so that he missed two birds with one stone ! And he can sling stones at an hair-breadth when he chooses, and not miss.

It is all due to his upbringing. A writer in Bible times would have said concerning him—“And the rest of his acts, and the things that he did, and the things that he didn't do, because he was too late in doing them, are they not written in the Book of the Chronicles? *And his mother's name was—*.”

His mother was what we call a soft good-natured woman ; of the kind we describe as “easy-osy.” (Take notice that I do not stake my reputation for spelling on that last word !) Her great word was “directly.” “I'll be there directly,” she would say. Now directly means straightway, and straightway means the shortest line between any two points. But when people found that with Mrs. Edgerfield “directly” meant, say, five-and-twenty minutes, they said, “According to Euclid even two straight lines cannot enclose a space, but here is a woman who can make *one* enclose a very considerable space.”

Little Freddy was his mother's very image, a most lovable, and yet a most provoking boy.

When he was called at 7 in the morning, and he had always to be called twice at least, he would answer—“All right, I'm just going to get up,” but it would be 7.30



before he was out of bed. By 7.50 he would be washed and half-dressed, one brace fastened, and one shoe on. While this was only half-laced he would spy his knife lying under a chair, and he must pick it up, and open all the blades in turn. Then he would sharpen a

pencil, or work for 5 minutes at the little boat he had begun to make two weeks before. Presently he would hear the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and he must look out through the window. It was no ordinary morning if there was not something else near, or far off, to catch his eye.

Then, after a little, he would fasten his other brace, and having done that, begin to wonder where his top or his peerie was. It was a marvel if, while hunting for it, though hunting is not the word for his leisurely search, he did not come across a foreign postage stamp that he had been looking for three weeks before. That would set him off on another tack. And so on, and so on, till it was ten minutes past nine. He was due at school, half-a-mile off, at 9.30, and in those twenty minutes he had to begin breakfast, and finish his toilet, or rather have it finished for him. At the last moment, while his mother was looking for his tie, his sister would be scouring the house for his geography book, and his elder brother

hurriedly writing out in ink for him the sum in compound long division that had been left overnight upon his slate. And so, sans tie, sans top, sans "piece," sans book, sans everything, not creeping like snail, but galloping like a hare, yet none the less unwillingly, would he go to school. "Oh Freddy, Freddy," his master often said, "you'll be half-an-hour late with everything all your days." His master was right. As it was in the beginning of his life, so it is now, and so I fear it will be to the end. But it was his mother's fault to start with.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, DO IT WITH THY MIGHT; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.

Reasons for not going to Church. 9th Series.—No. 7.

Some one in that church having discovered that the Minister, if spared, would complete Three-Fourths of his Jubilee on the 1st August next, a proposal was made and taken up, it was averred, with extraordinary heartiness and enthusiasm, to make a presentation to him and otherwise celebrate the event in fitting manner. The old Minister was greatly pleased and touched by his people's kindness—you should see the letter he wrote about it to his two sons in Canada—but begged them to let the occasion pass without notice. His action in so doing has greatly offended some of his members, and several of them have determined to leave the church in consequence. That is a barrow that has come to take away their cushions.

It is interesting to recall now some of the things which these members suggested should be put in the Illuminated Address that was to accompany their gifts. The member whose cushion is lowest thought special attention should be called to their Minister's preaching—preaching, he said, "which had daily added new consecration to the very fabric of a building round which the affections of the hearts of most of them had been entwined from their earliest infancy." The Deacon, a banker, whose cushions come next, thought



stress should be laid on their Minister's great common-sense and practical sagacity ; " he, for one, had never found his Minister's judgment at fault in any matter." The Elder, whose cushions are on the top, had suggested this phrase for the Address—he had found it in a book : " Our love for you, Sir, has known no abatement, but only increase, these seven-and-thirty years ; it is a love unaltered and unalterable."

P.S.—There is another barrow to be sent for more cushions next Monday.

| | | |
|----|----|---|
| 1 | M | He that taketh not his cross is not worthy of Me.— <i>Matt. 10, 38.</i> |
| 2 | Tu | He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it. |
| 3 | W | Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.— <i>2 Tim. 4, 10.</i> |
| 4 | TH | They loved not their lives.— <i>Rev. 12, 11.</i> Garibaldi, one of the four men who freed Italy—the others were Mazzini, Cavour, and Victor Emmanuel—was born 100 years ago to-day. When he was leaving Rome in 1849, he said, "Let him who loves his country follow me. I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death." |
| 5 | F | Peter said, Lo, we have left all; what, then, shall we have? |
| 6 | S | Ye which have followed Me shall sit upon twelve thrones.— <i>Matt. 19, 28 (R.V.)</i> |
| 7 | S | The Ark of the Covenant passeth over before you.— <i>Josh. 3, 11.</i> |
| 8 | M | Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him.— <i>Gen. 32, 1.</i> |
| 9 | Tu | Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them.— <i>Luke 24, 15.</i> |
| 10 | W | The Lord shall keep thy going out and thy coming in.— <i>Ps. 121, 8.</i> |
| 11 | TH | Thou leddest them in a pillar of fire by night.— <i>Neh. 9, 12.</i> |
| 12 | F | A prosperous journey by the will of God.— <i>Rom. 1, 10.</i> In an Assyrian cuneiform tablet 3,000 years old, recently deciphered by Prof. Sayce, the writer hopes that the postman may have moonlight for his journey. |
| 13 | S | The glory of the Lord shall be thy rearward.— <i>Is. 58, 8.</i> |
| 14 | S | Seek, and ye shall find.— <i>Matt. 7, 7.</i> "The search for truth is one thing; fluttering after it is another."— <i>Benjamin Jowett.</i> |
| 15 | M | Those that seek Me diligently shall find Me.— <i>Prov. 8, 17 (R.V.)</i> |
| 16 | Tu | If thou searchest for knowledge as for hid treasures, then shalt thou find the knowledge of God.— <i>Prov. 2, 5.</i> |
| 17 | W | I cried with my whole heart; hear me, O Lord.— <i>Ps. 119, 145.</i> |
| 18 | TH | I prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried. |
| 19 | F | Mine eyes prevent the night watches. |
| 20 | S | We have found the Messiah.— <i>John 1, 41.</i> |
| 21 | S | The boat was covered with the waves: but Jesus was asleep. |
| 22 | M | Even the winds and the sea obey Him.— <i>Matt. 8, 24-27.</i> |
| 23 | Tu | Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.— <i>Matt. 14, 25.</i> |
| 24 | W | He hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over.— <i>Is. 51, 10.</i> This text is on the tablet at Balliol College, Oxford: "To the dear and blessed memory of Edward Wolfe Murray, lost in the wreck of the <i>Stella</i> off the Casquets nobly striving to save others rather than himself. 30th March, 1899. Aged 22." |
| 25 | TH | The Lord sat as King at the Flood.— <i>Ps. 29, 10 (R.V.)</i> |
| 26 | F | Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?— <i>Is. 40, 12.</i> |
| 27 | S | When the day was now breaking, Jesus stood on the beach.— <i>John 21, 4 (R.V.)</i> |
| 28 | S | He shall choose our inheritance for us.— <i>Ps. 47, 4.</i> |
| 29 | M | Judah shall set forth first. Reuben shall set forth second. |
| 30 | Tu | Ephraim shall set forth third. Dan shall set forth hindmost.— <i>Numb. 2, 9-31 (R.V.)</i> |
| 31 | W | Friend, go up higher.— <i>Luke 14, 10.</i> Text on the grave of Harman Chaloner Ogle, Fellow of Magdalen College, in Holywell Cemetery, Oxford. |

August, 1907.

One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 8.

This First Day at School.



THE MORNING WATCH for 1906, Volume XIX., is NOW READY. Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

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When I became a man.—1 Cor. 13, 11.

LITTLE RONALD MACKENZIE is setting out for his first whole-day at school. Need we wonder that his Mother is looking after him with tears in her eyes? But they are tears of joy, for this sixth day of August is a great day in his life, and, who knows? perhaps a great day in the world's history.

He has been looking forward to going to school ever since the New Year, for he is getting old now. Positively he will be six next February!

His Mother bought him a school-bag last Monday week, and it hung on a nail behind the kitchen door till Saturday. Then Ronald took it down, and going into his uncle's room—his uncle is a carpenter who attends evening classes in winter, and has ambitions—filled it as full as it could hold of books, a Euclid and an Algebra and a Trigonometry!

and then brought it triumphantly back to his Mother. His Mother said nothing at the time, but later on in the day she showed it to her husband, saying, "That's an awful boy of yours! I'm sure I don't know what he's coming to."

Yesterday she took him to the school and had his name put on the roll. Ronald gazed at the school-master very earnestly; he will remember that first look at him to the last day of his life. The master smiled kindly at him, and talked for a little with his Mother, and then, having dismissed them both, said to his assistant, "If every mother that came here was like that!"

At the corner of the next street another little boy is to be waiting, and the two will go to school together.

Meantime Mrs. Mackenzie, once her little boy is out of sight, will resume her household tasks, and as she has been doing all morning, so all this day she will be praying for her little son, praying that God may make him good, and if He sees meet, but *only* if He sees meet, make him clever too.

And seeing this is such a great and solemn and happy day, she is going to make a rhubarb dumpling for dinner, and won't that be splendid?

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued from page 76.)

What
is thy
name?

SARAH FORD, who died in her ninetieth year in 1759, the mother of Dr. Samuel Johnson, was a woman of distinguished understanding,

What
is thy
name?

SARAH.

though unacquainted with books. Her son told Boswell that he remembered distinctly having had the first notice of Heaven as "a place to which good people went," and Hell "the place to which bad people went," communicated to him by her when a little child in bed with her; and that it might be the better fixed in his memory, she sent him to repeat it to Thomas Jackson their man-servant. Of Dr. Johnson's last letters to her these two may be given:—

"Honoured Madam,

The account which Miss Porter gives me of your health, pierces my heart. God comfort, and preserve you, and save you, for the sake of Jesus Christ. I would have Miss read to you from time to time the passion of our Saviour, and sometimes the sentences in the Communion Service, beginning—'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"I have just now read a physical book, which inclines me to think that a strong infusion of the bark would do you good. Do, dear Mother, try it.

"Pray send me your blessing, and forgive all that I have done amiss to you. And whatever you would have done, and what debts you would have paid first, or anything else that you would direct, let Miss put it down; I shall endeavour to obey you. I have got twelve guineas to send you, but unhappily am at a loss how to send it to-night. If I cannot send it to-night, it will come by the next post. God bless you for ever and ever. I am, your dutiful son, Sam. Johnson."

"Dear Honoured Mother,

Neither your condition nor your character make it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me and beg forgiveness for all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you His Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Lord Jesus receive your spirit. Amen. I am, dear, dear Mother, your dutiful son, Sam. Johnson."

It was to defray the expense of her Funeral, and pay some little debts which she had left, that he wrote his "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." He composed it, so he told Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the evenings of one week, sending it to the press in portions as it was written.

SARAH HOGGINS, the daughter of a Shropshire farmer, was the heroine of the story on which Tennyson founded his poem *The Lord of Burleigh*.

When she first met her future husband he was known simply as a "Mr. Cecil," a stranger lately come to those parts, but one who by his quiet and orderly behaviour was daily winning the regard of all the neighbours. In due course they were married, in 1791, he being then 37, and she 18 years of age. And then one day, two

What
is thy
name?

SARAH.

years afterwards, a letter came to him, and that week he asked her to go with him for a little holiday, she riding behind him on a pillion as was the fashion of those times. It was the first big outing she had ever had, and great was her wonder and delight as he pointed out to her the mansions and country seats they passed, and told her stories of their noble owners. On the fourth or fifth day of their journey they came to Burghley Park, near Stamford, on the borders of Lincolnshire. It was the largest and most beautiful domain that they had seen, and as they rode along its stately avenues he asked her how she would like to be the mistress of a place like that? "I should like it well," she replied in jest. "And that is what you are!" he answered, whereupon she laughed right merrily. So they two went on, but who shall describe the amazement and the fear that filled her heart when, as they drew near the hall, they were met by bands of servants and retainers who welcomed her husband as their new master, successor to his uncle the Earl of Exeter, and herself as his noble lady the Countess?

"All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin :
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove :
But he clasped her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirit sank :
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank :
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such,
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her, night and morn,
With the burthen of an honour
Unto which she was not born.
So she drooped and drooped before him,
Fading slowly from his side :
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died."

She was a Countess for only four years.

Forty-five years ago, in January, 1862, over two hundred men and boys perished by accident in a coal-pit at Hartley, in the North of England. When their bodies were recovered some days afterwards, it was found that some of the men had written messages to their friends, scratching them in the dark on anything that came to hand. One man had written on the lid of a box these words to his wife : "Farewell, SARAH, the Lord will bless you."

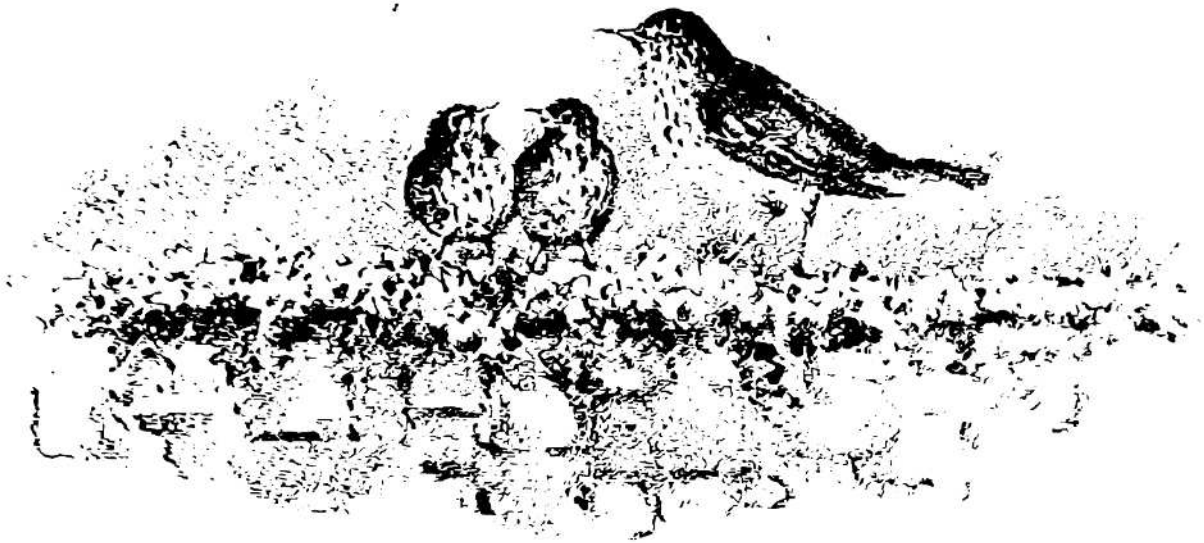
Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, lost his mother, Nancy Hanks, in 1818, when he was scarcely ten years old. A year

What
is thy
name?

Sarah.

afterwards his father, a restless shiftless man, married a widow, a Mrs. Johnston, who had refused him in her maiden days. Her own name was SALLY BUSH. When she arrived at her new home she found the children utterly neglected. "Poor things!" she said, "I'll make them look a little more human." She made no difference between them and her own three, but trained them all equally faithfully. It was to her that the great President's memories all went back when he thought or spoke of his mother.

If any of you have a step-mother, honour her, and beware of people, no matter who they are, who speak slightly of her or try to egg you on against her.



But God prepared a worm.—Jonah 4, 6.

WHEN a long time of rain was followed by two days of sunshine and great heat, the strawberries in a certain little garden began to redden almost as one looked at them. In the garden adjoining, over the wall, there lived a mother mavis and her two young ones. The mother bird knew what would happen, especially in the case of two very large berries, but wisely said nothing. She knew from experience that "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The young ones, however, discovered the berries for themselves, and nearly knocked each other over the nest disputing as to which of them had seen them first, each of them

saying "It was me!" Had they been only half-educated, they would have said, "It was I!" But being good scholars and having a mother who spoke beautifully and never made a mistake in grammar in her life, they always said, "It was me," and they *never* said, "Between you and I."

Now the garden belonged to an old man and his wife who had come to live there at the May term. And when the old man saw the two strawberries reddening, he came into the house, and making his wife take his arm, led her out triumphantly, as if he had had some hand in it, and showed her them, and said, "We shall have these, if all's well, on your birthday,

the big one for you and the smaller one for me."

"No," she said, "the big one for you and the little one for me." And so hot and so loving was the contention between them that the two little mavises, who had been having their second afternoon nap, rose out of their beds and perched on the dyke and watched them, and were greatly comforted when the old people went away.

"Oh!" said the younger one, "I don't believe they saw them after all," and with that they laughed heartily and went away and told their mother.

"Don't be too sure," she said. "When you have lived as long as I have in the world, you'll find that men and women are just about as clever as ourselves, and they are fit for anything!"

Ten minutes afterwards, when the young birds were going to have their third afternoon sleep, they heard to their amusement the old man and his wife talking. Then they hopped on to the dyke to watch, and judge of their consternation when they saw the man stoop down and lead the shoot with the two big berries on it into a wide-mouthed glass jar. Their breasts positively heaved with indignation, and they looked at one another, as much as to say, "*Did you ever!*"

Then the old couple went away smiling, but the birds flew home with a sad heart, and told their mother.

"My dears," she said, "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. This is a world in which many

things may happen. Only, I think, if these people had been wise, they wouldn't have claimed the first-fruits of the garden for themselves. Many a day in the early summer, when the sun was warm, your father and I sang to them, and they listened and seemed pleased. I think they needn't have grudged us some little hire for our pains. But we shall see what we shall see."

That night there was a little black slug, oh such a little one! going on some errand across the strawberry bed, and in the distance, far far away, almost nine inches off, it saw something glittering in the moonlight.

"What can this be?" it said, and with that it changed its plans and its course, and in less than two hours, it came to the glass-jar, and in another hour it had found its way in, and in half-an-hour it had found the bigger of the two strawberries, and had eaten a hole nearly three-eighths of an inch deep, for it was very very hungry, and then it fell sound asleep, and dreamed the very best dream it had ever dreamed in its life.

Next day the berries got redder and redder, and the old man said to himself, "They will just be in perfect condition by Saturday." And the young mavises lay and cried in their nests. "Never mind," said their mother, "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. This is a world in which many things may happen."

Next night, when the slug awoke and discovered that its dreams were true and that it was actually inside



a great big strawberry after all, it made signals to a friend. Now the signals between slugs are like the signals between ships at sea by wireless telegraphy; they are very

hard to explain especially if one doesn't understand the process. But, somehow, the slug made them, and its companion came, and they ate a tunnel through one berry, and then

through the other, and then they made another tunnel in each at right angles to the first, and then they ate round and round in circles. And then Saturday morning came, and the old man was early afoot and said, "These berries will be at their very best at twelve o'clock, and then my wife and I will come down and pull them, and we'll have them for her birthday dinner at one o'clock, and she will see and own at last that I did right in renting this house and garden."

At twelve o'clock the old man said, "Give me your arm, my dear; this is your birthday, and we are to have a strawberry feast when dinner is over." Then they looked very proudly at each other and went down the two front steps and along the garden walk in a kind of stately solemn procession.

Then the old man stooped down and removed the jar, and even as he plucked the berries, the berries collapsed in his fingers, for the slugs had riddled them through and through, and had left nothing but a thin outside shell, as boys do when they make turnip lanterns, and then he and his wife nearly collapsed with chagrin when he said, "My dear, we outwitted the thrushes, but the snails have outwitted us!" And the young mavis in their turn nearly collapsed with laughter, and went home and told their mother, but all she said was, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. We live in a world, my dears, in which many things may happen, and do happen every day!"

His kingdom ruleth over all.

—Psalm 103, 19.

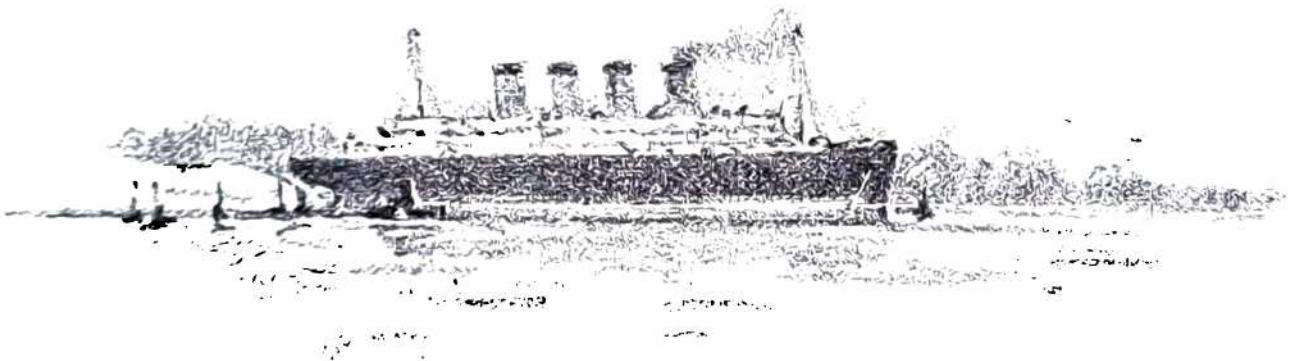
THIRTY-THREE years ago there was an old man in Versailles who made his living by exhibiting some white mice, most intelligent little creatures, whom he had trained to climb poles, draw little cardboard carriages, leap through paper hoops,



and perform other antics. Late one night, as he was crossing the Boulevard des Italiens, with his little performers, who had gone to bed for the night, safe in their box under his arm, a great steam-roller came along, panting, grunting, and scattering sparks and smoke. The poor old man did not notice it till it was nearly on him. Then in his terror he made a dash out of the way, saved himself, but dropped his white mice. The huge roller rolled on—it is the late Earl of Lytton who tells the story in a letter — “Crack! and goodbye, mice!”

Three hours later, about two in the morning, some one who had witnessed the tragedy, returning from his club passed the spot again on his way home, and found the old man still there, leaning against a lamp-post and weeping bitterly for his white mice.

One wonders why God did this thing, and yet one may be sure that if we knew everything, we should see that God did it all in love, love to the old man, and love to the little mice too. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without our Father. Not one of them is ever forgotten before Him. He permitted them, as the Psalm tells us, to find a house, where they might lay their young, “even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.” But mice have come closer to Him still. For do we not read in the Book of Samuel how the mice of gold were put in a little coffer, and the coffer was laid beside the very Ark of the Covenant, close by the Mercy-seat and the Cherubim, and carried up with it and with them all the way from the land of the Philistines to the border of Beth-shemesh?



The Lusitania : Length, 787 feet ; breadth, 87½.

And the people hastened and passed over.
—Joshua 4, 10.

WHEN the Angel was delivering Peter out of prison, we are told in Acts 12, 10, that after they were past the first and second ward, "they came unto the iron gate that leadeth into the city," and this gate opened to them instantly of its own accord. Sometimes, however, God brings us through the first ward and the second ward, and the Iron Gate does *not* open, but remains fast closed. That was the way He did at the siege of Jericho. The Israelites had to march round the city once every day for a whole week. That was meant chiefly to give the men of Jericho time to repent, but it was also meant to let the Israelites see how strong the walls of the city were, and how much stronger was their God.

Sometimes a great deliverance is over almost before we know it, and then we begin to think either that nothing happened, or that if anything has happened it was nothing wonderful or out of the way after all. There are times when, perhaps, we do well to "make haste and pass over" as quickly as possible.

There are other times when God says, "Stand still, and look, and see the salvation of God." There is always a House Beautiful at the end of the road by which God leads us, but the road itself, the whole road, is beautiful too. Sometimes God seems to linger and keep us waiting, and we say, "Are we not going to get on?" "How long are we to be kept here?" And God says, "You are like people driving as hard as they can through beautiful scenery and missing it all; there is more to do than simply count the milestones in such a landscape as this."

Be assured of this, that if God sends an Angel and brings us through the first and second ward, the Iron Gate will open in due time. As long as the Angel is with us—and he won't go away unless we drive him away—we are all right. The God Who is Alpha is also Omega. He is a God that finishes whatever He begins, but He loves to keep us waiting sometimes, not only that He may try our faith and enjoy our faith, but that He may do greater things for us than we had ever imagined to be possible.

Reasons for not going to Church. 9th Series.—No. 8.

This woman is using, with or without the permission of her peaceably disposed neighbours, not only their clothes-ropes and poles and pins, but also the tubs and the washing-board and the very "blue-cloth" belonging to a specially good-natured one. She is even using the washing-house and green two days in the fortnight to their one. But she is going to leave the church unless the elders prevent two little orphan girls, who have lately taken to coming to it, from entering her pew, or at least from using her footstool.



| | | |
|----|----|--|
| 1 | TH | The voice of the Lord is upon the waters.— <i>Ps. 29, 3.</i> In an orchard at Dunvegan Castle, Isle of Skye, there was a cascade called Rorie More's Nurse, because an old Chief, Sir Roderick More, loved to be lulled to sleep by the sound of it. |
| 2 | F | His voice was as the sound of many waters.— <i>Rev. 1, 15.</i> |
| 3 | S | Be still, and know that I am God.— <i>Ps. 46, 10.</i> |
| 4 | S | God setteth the solitary in families.— <i>Ps. 68, 6.</i> |
| 5 | M | I will be the God of all the families of Israel.— <i>Jer. 31, 1.</i> |
| 6 | TU | Thy children shall be like olive plants, round about thy table.— <i>Ps. 128, 3.</i> |
| 7 | W | Are here all thy children?— <i>1 Sam. 16, 11.</i> "My husband (Professor Sellar) was one of nine children. On one day only in their lives were they all under the same roof."— <i>Mrs. Sellar's Recollections.</i> |
| 8 | TH | Oh that I were as in months past, when my children were about me!— <i>Job 29, 5.</i> |
| 9 | F | I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty.— <i>Ruth 1, 21.</i> |
| 10 | S | Our gathering together unto our Lord Jesus Christ.— <i>2 Thess. 2, 1.</i> |
| 11 | S | Judge not.— <i>Matt. 7, 1.</i> "Always suppose, as long as possible, that there is an explanation of anything that seems unaccountable in the conduct of man or boy."— <i>Almond of Loretto.</i> |
| 12 | M | If we would judge ourselves— <i>1 Cor. 11, 31.</i> |
| 13 | TU | The heart knoweth his own bitterness.— <i>Prov. 14, 7.</i> |
| 14 | W | Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; |
| 15 | TH | For the hand of God hath touched me.— <i>Job 19, 21.</i> |
| 16 | F | And such things have befallen me.— <i>Lev. 10, 19.</i> |
| 17 | S | He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.— <i>Ps. 103, 14.</i> |
| 18 | S | I know thy works, and service, and patience.— <i>Rev. 2, 19.</i> "At Windsor I noticed that the pattern of the Queen's table-cloth, at dinner, bore a shield marked with the names and exploits of Nelson, Wellington, and others."— <i>Letters of the Earl of Lytton.</i> |
| 19 | M | Thy prayers are come up for a memorial before God.— <i>Acts 10, 4.</i> |
| 20 | TU | A book of remembrance was written before the Lord.— <i>Mal. 3, 16.</i> |
| 21 | W | I will not forget thee.— <i>Is. 49, 15.</i> |
| 22 | TH | Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands. |
| 23 | F | This also that she hath done shall be spoken of.— <i>Mark 14, 9.</i> |
| 24 | S | A memorial and a name within My walls better than of sons and of daughters.— <i>Is. 56, 5 (R.V.).</i> |
| 25 | S | O Lord, I am oppressed, be Thou my surety.— <i>Is. 38, 14 (R.V.)</i> |
| 26 | M | Why art thou cast down, O my soul?— <i>Ps. 42.</i> |
| 27 | TU | And why art thou disquieted within me? |
| 28 | W | Hope thou in God. "Money lost is little lost; honour lost is much lost; but heart lost is all lost."— <i>German Proverb.</i> |
| 29 | TH | For I shall yet praise Him. |
| 30 | F | I flee unto Thee to hide me.— <i>Ps. 143, 9.</i> |
| 31 | S | Hope putteth not to shame.— <i>Rom. 5, 5.</i> |

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 9.



Mr. Ruby, Jeweller by appointment to the King, etc., etc. : " Well, my Boy?"
Boy : " To-morrow's my Mother's Birthday, and I want to buy a nice
present for her. I've got threepence-ha'penny."

THE MORNING WATCH for 1906, Volume XIX., is NOW READY. Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., and XVIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

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London: The Sunday School Union 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.

And Miriam was shut up without the camp seven days: and the people journeyed not till Miriam was brought in again.

—Numb. 12, 15.

ONE day lately I overtook a man who passes my door on his way to the railway station regularly every morning at the half-hour. This day he was ten minutes before his time.

"You are early this morning," I said; "nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Oh, no!" he said, "but I'm going to an out-of-the-way place to-day, and it will take the booking-clerk two or three minutes to find out the fare and write out the ticket and the counterfoil, and it might worry him and annoy other

passengers if I waited to the last moment." Then the two of us speculated a little about some of the things that might happen in the course of a day because one heavily-laden train was two minutes late. And we found the subject a very vast and a very awful one.

Miriam was one of the best and cleverest women that ever lived, and yet by one sin she not only spoiled her own career for nearly forty years, but kept two million people back for a whole week. Two million weeks are—how many thousand years? There is a sum for you to do.

To shorten or in any other way to spoil a human life is a fearful thing for any one to do. Yet all of us do it more or less. If you boys and girls are wise you will pray this prayer: "O God, keep me from spoiling my own life, and keep me from spoiling any other body's. And if I have done that already without knowing it, deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation, for Jesus Christ's sake Amen."

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued from page 89.)

What
is thy
name?

SARAH.

When the Earl of March, afterwards the second Duke of Richmond, was in his eighteenth year, in 1719, he was married to LADY SARAH, daughter of the Earl of Cadogan, one of the Duke of Marlborough's favourite generals, *to cancel a gambling debt between their parents.* He was brought from college and she from the nursery for the ceremony. "She stood silent and amazed," while he, as he looked at her cried out, "Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy?" Immediately after the marriage he was carried off by his tutor to the Continent. Returning after three years he spent his first night in England at a theatre, so disagreeable was the recollection he had of his wife. There, seeing a lady of remarkably fine ap-

What
is thy
name?

SARAH.

pearance, he asked a bystander who she was. "Sir," said the man, "you must be a stranger in London not to know the reigning beauty, the beautiful Lady March." Whereupon Lord March proceeded to the box where she sat, announced himself, and claimed her as his bride.

It was their daughter, LADY SARAH LENNOX, whom, when she was fifteen, George III. wished and promised to marry. Court intrigues, however, compelled him to give her up. The loss of a crown was no small trial to her, but a greater trial, we are told, befel her at the same time, and that was the loss of a pet squirrel. Many years afterwards she married the Hon. George Napier, and had some famous warrior sons. She died in 1826, having been blind for many years.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* will be a joy to you some day, I hope, when you are a little older, had for his mother SARAH WENDELL, "a bright vivacious woman of small figure and sprightly manners." Here is the way in which she announced her engagement to her mother: "Now, mamma, I am going to surprise you. Mr. Abiel Holmes of Cambridge, whom we so kindly chalked out for Miss N. W., is going to be married, and of all folks in the world, guess who to? Miss Sally Wendell!" She died in 1862, aged 93, keeping her lively sensibilities and sweet intelligence to the last.

Dr. Holmes' wife had an unmarried cousin, a Miss SALLY GARDINER, on whose tombstone these words from Luke 7, 47, were written:

SHE LOVED MUCH.

SELINA.

Lord Macaulay's mother was SELINA MILLS, daughter of a Quaker bookseller in Bristol. (Selina comes from the Greek word for the *moon*.) Macaulay used to say it was from her side of the house he got all his joviality and love of fun. He was such a loving tender-hearted little boy, crying, for example, with joy every time he saw her after however short a parting, that she feared he was not destined to live long. She had the good sense never to flatter him or make him show off his extraordinary powers before others, and when he begged her, as he often did, to let him stay away from school of an afternoon, she would say, "No, Tom, if it rains cats and dogs, you shall go." Her character, however, is perhaps to be best seen in a letter she wrote to him in May, 1813, when he was thirteen-and-a-half years old:

"I have always admired a saying of one of the old heathen philosophers. When a friend was condoling with him that he so well deserved of the gods, and yet that they did not shower their favours on him, as on some others less worthy, he answered, 'I will, however, continue to deserve well of them.' So do you, my dearest. Do your best because it is the will of God you should improve every faculty now. . . . You see how ambitious your mother is. She must have the wisdom of her son acknowledged before angels and an assembled world. My wishes can soar no higher, and they can be content with nothing less for any of my children. The first time I

What
is thy
name?

SERLIN.

saw you face I repeated those beautiful lines of Watts' cradle hymn—

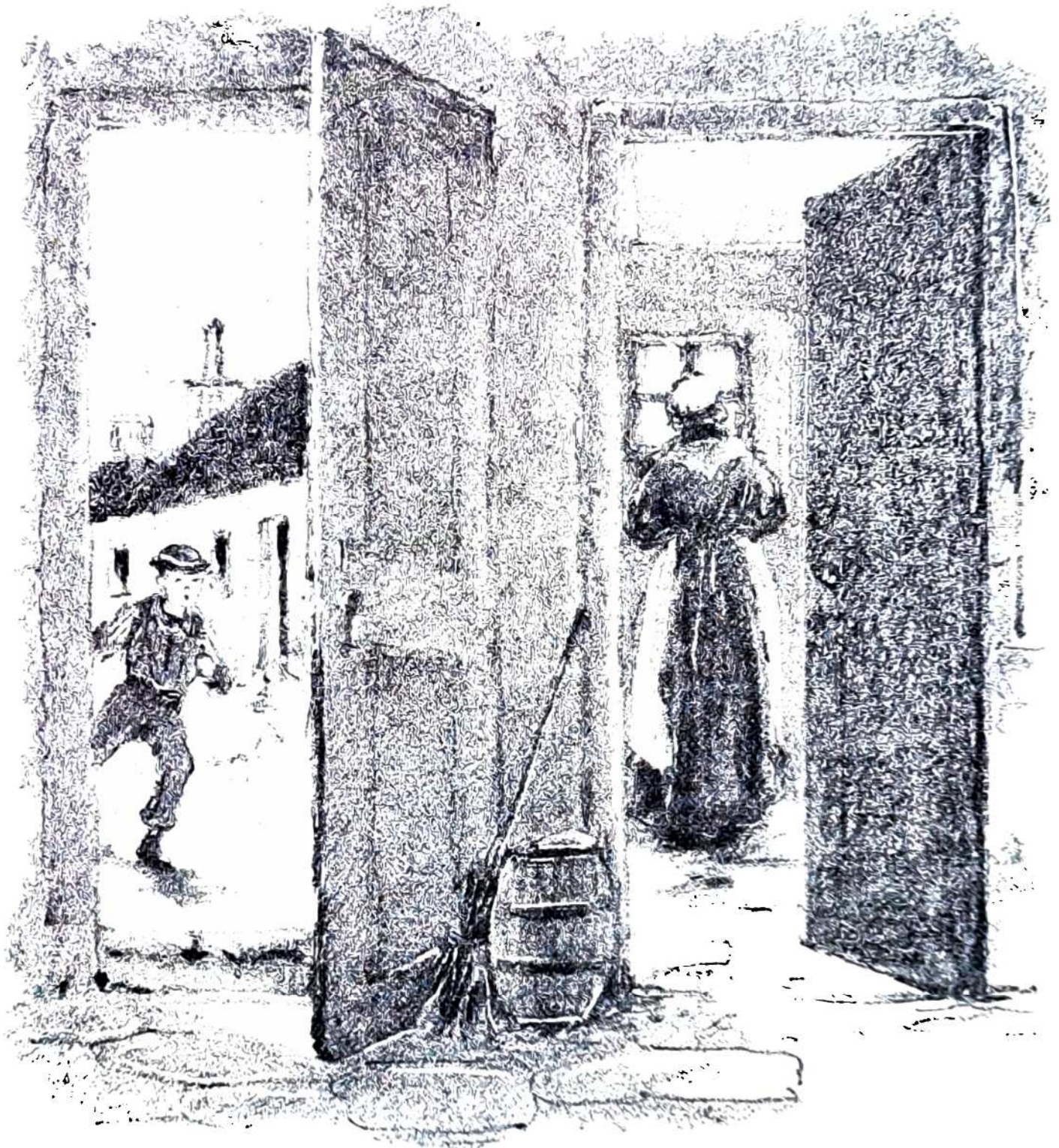
Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,

Trust and love Him all thy days,

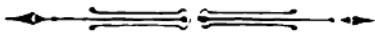
Then go dwell for ever near Him,

See His face and sing His praise.

and this is the substance of all my prayers for you."



IN the spring of 1845, two years before his death, Dr. Chalmers paid his last visit to his native village Anstruther. Not a place or person familiar to him in his early years was left unvisited. On his way to the churchyard, we are told, he went up the very road along which he had gone of old to the parish school. On the way he slipped into a poor-looking dwelling, saying to the friend who was with him, "I would just like to see the place where Lizzie Green's water-bucket used to stand"—the said water-bucket having been a favourite haunt of the boys when overheated at their games, and Lizzie a great favourite for the free access she allowed to it. "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."



*Who can find a virtuous woman? . . .
She worketh willingly with her hands.—
Prov. 31, 13.*

"SUCH a nice old body!" "Isn't she a sweet creature?" That was the kind of thing everybody said about Mrs. Ronaldshaw. She lived in a cottage of two apartments off the main street and quite near our little railway station. A path through the middle of her garden led up to her door, and it had always been her pride to keep it and the garden in perfect order. "You see," she would say, "first impressions are lasting, and I would like strangers that came by the train to

think well of the place, and it pleases me when they stop and look at the garden and say, "Isn't that pretty?"

Some years ago we had a very wet June and July, and old Mrs. Ronaldshaw's rheumatism became so bad that she could barely rise from her seat to open the door. "And my garden is in such a state with weeds! and there will be so many young people coming home for the holidays, and such crowds of visitors. Just look at it! I am sure it must have been it, or one very like it, that Solomon refers to when he says he went by the field of the slothful and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof. I may be void of understanding, though I hardly think it either, but I'm sure I'm not slothful, and I never was, as long as I can remember, but yet I think it was hardly fair of Solomon to make such a pointed reference to my garden as that. If he had only had my back for a day or two, he would have been a little gentler, I think."

A day or two afterwards some children, belonging to two Glasgow families that had come to live for a month in the house over the way, paid the old lady a visit, and found their way at once, without any misgiving or pretence of any kind whatever—at least the boys did—to the corner where grew two gooseberry bushes, one of them a Red Warrington and the other a Green Gaskin.

"I'm sorry the berries are not nearly ripe yet," she said, "but I'll tell you what. If you will weed my

garden for me, I'll give you a ha'penny for every hundred weeds you pull up, and as many berries as you like if they are ripe before you go away."

A ha'penny a hundred may seem poor pay to children who get pennies from their foolish mothers every now and again for nothing to buy chocolate with, but to Mrs. Ronaldshaw, who had never wasted a penny in her life and had never possessed one she had not worked hard for, a ha'penny seemed a tempting prize, and so too it seemed to most of the children.

Several of them began there and then, and so long as it was only groundsel and chick-weed they had to deal with they got on speedily and merrily enough. But docks, or dockens as they called them, and dandelions are tougher customers, and gradually most of the children found their way out of the garden, like Pliable in *Pilgrim's Progress*, on the side nearest their own homes. Soon only four of them were left, one boy and three girls.

The boy worked fitfully and ended by throwing the few he had gathered over the wall into a neighbour's plot and kicking hither and thither the little heap his sister had piled up. She went home crying. He afterwards repented and came back and gathered two hundred weeds, sixty of them at least being pansies of twelve varieties, young slips for which poor old Mrs. Ronaldshaw had anticipated a great future. "But the laddie meant well."

The second girl also gathered two hundred, which she counted several

times over—200, neither more nor less—and she likewise received a penny.

But the third one had another spirit in her. She had heard her minister say that one reason, perhaps, why we are told the exact number of great fishes that were in the net that Peter drew to land, a hundred and fifty and three, was to show us that Christ always gives good measure—one extra for every fifty. Her bundles accordingly each held 102, and there were six of them. It was close on dinner time when she was done, "but, if I'm spared, and my mother doesn't need me, I'll do some more to-morrow."

Next day she was at her task a little after breakfast. She was up long before that, however, helping her own mother first of all. She had the garden all to herself that day, and began as on the day before to count the weeds she pulled. But presently she remembered another verse that describes the kind of measure our Saviour gives Himself and wishes us to give: "Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over," and when she thought of that, she ceased counting, and just threw her gatherings into one big heap.

By the close of the third day she had finished all her task, but no pay would she take for that or the preceding day. "You gave me three pennies the first day, and mother says a penny a day is what the labourers in the Vineyard got, and I must not take any more. But if there is anything else I can do for you, I'll do it very willingly."



And there *was* much she could do, and she did it, but old Mrs. Ronaldshaw did even more for her. For she told her all that was in her heart about what God had done for her as a girl, and still more for her in her old age, and she told her also how much she expected Him still to do, and added, "And He will do exceeding abundantly even beyond my expectation."

Two weeks after, the other children claimed their berries, and got them. Little May got only three. But when she and her

mother went over to say good-bye on the last day of August, Mrs. Ronaldshaw said, "I shall leave little money beyond what will bury me, and all my old china and other nice things I gave away to a cousin's children some years ago. They have never looked near me since. The only thing left in my house worth having is my eight-day clock. It is 130 years old. A grand lady from London with one of these things they call motors offered me 15/- for it only the other day. She said she caught sight of it as she

passed, and she liked its brass face. I think she was going to offer more, but I told her it wasn't mine to sell, for it was to go to a friend when I was dead."

A gentleman, very like the one that was in the motor with her, only he hadn't such big spectacles, called the same afternoon and offered me £5 for it. And since then a man has told me it would fetch £20 in London any day, but I can't see how it can be worth all that. If they would give that for an old clock, I'm sure it's more than they would give for an old woman, but whether it's worth twenty shillings or twenty pounds, or twenty pence, it's to be little May's, and if God spares her to have a house and a good husband of her own, I hope the three of them will spend as many and as happy hours together as I and my good man did."

He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness.—1 John 2, 9.

I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked places straight.—Is. 42, 16.

Two or three years ago at a village picnic some one made an innocent kindly little jest, and some other one repeated it—repeated it word for word, too, but with that change of tone that makes all the difference in the world. Two girls who had been very fond of each other quarrelled in consequence, and they were only eighteen, the age at which they should have been "pressing into the Kingdom" and bringing others with them. They

vowed, each against each, a perpetual enmity. They were resolved, they said, never to speak to one another again, never to look at each other, or even at the road the other might be on. To this resolution each added in her own way a very grievous vow.

One of these girls was a Highlander, and one day when her blood was up, and the lamp of grace was burning very low, if indeed it was not on the point of going out, she said, "Shake hands with her? That is what I will never be doing as long as flowers grow and rivers run!" She had read something like that in an old ballad, and it sounded so poetical and carried her mind into a region so dim and far away, that she wept herself asleep that night as she thought of it.

The other was a Lowlander with much less poetry in her composition, and not much more grace than her old companion, and when she was asked if nothing would induce her to shake hands and be friends, she said, "The day I shake hands with Morag MacInnes I hope I may break my arm." And yet these two girls were not afraid to go down on their knees every night and say, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." One Sabbath day, too, in church, they heard each other singing, the one the treble, the other the alto, of the tune Eastgate, and noticed, too, without blushing, the words they sang to it:

Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell!



On the Communion Sabbath, however, they got a great fright. They found themselves in the same seat at the Lord's Table with only one person between them! What they would have done if they had had to pass the bread and the cup to one another, I do not know.

One would have thought that the awfulness of such a position and the mental distress they endured would have made them bethink themselves and repent. But after a little, when they had risen from the table, they only hardened their hearts and held aloof from each other as much as ever, and when they met on the street as they often did, they showed an ostentatious indifference to each other's presence that was pitiable to see. Yet in their secret hearts they were wretched and unhappy.

How long this state of things might have gone on if God had not put end to it, I do not know. But end it He did, and He did it very tenderly and graciously and irresistibly.

A mile from the village there lives a nobleman into whose grounds the public are admitted three days in the week all the year round. The gardens are very beautiful, and there are many charming walks. At the end of one of these is a high solid

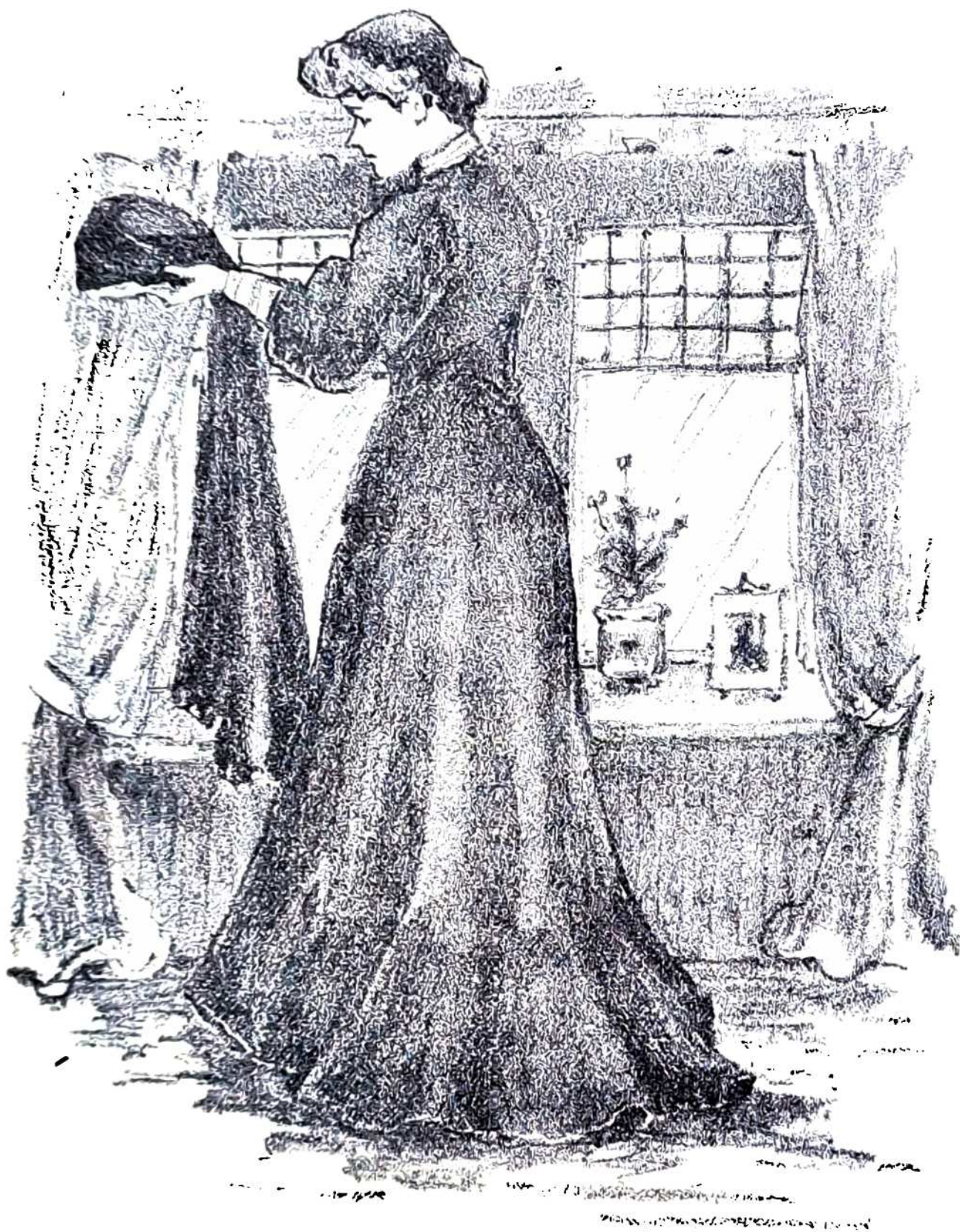
wooden gate, which can only be opened by pressing down a rod that projects three or four inches above the top.

Well, one day the two girls, while walking through the grounds, came to the gate from opposite sides, and as each put up her hand to press down the rod, their hands met! and ere they were aware of it, their sinful foolish vows had come to nought; and each felt it, too, and before the gate was opened, the middle wall of partition, even the enmity that was between them, had been broken down, so that, when the gate did open and they came face to face, they smiled—laughed—rushed into each other's arms—and then cried sweetly together. But it was Morag MacInnes that first found words, and what she said was this—"Whom God hath joined let no one put asunder."

For a day or two after, her companion walked very softly and very cautiously, feeling her arm every few minutes, fearing lest like Jeroboam's it should wither up. But she too has seen that God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor our ways His ways, for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so God's ways are higher than our ways and God's thoughts than our thoughts.

Reasons for not going to Church. 9th Series.—No. 9.

This Widow, who has four children—all boys—did not go to Church last Sabbath because of the great rain, or, as she put it, "IT WAS NOT A DAY FOR CRAPE." And by not going she missed hearing a sermon on the text: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me."—Jer. 49, 11.



| | | |
|-------|----|--|
| 1 | S | O taste and see that the Lord is good.— <i>Ps. 34, 8.</i> |
| 2 | M | Come ye, buy, and eat. "We who kept bookstalls learned how to distinguish habitual nibblers, who never bought, but only gave trouble, from those on whom we could reasonably reckon for a purchase."— <i>Autobiography of William Chambers the Publisher.</i> |
| 3 | TU | Every one that thirsteth, come ye, and he that hath no money ; |
| 4 | W | Yea, come, buy without money and without price.— <i>Is. 55, 1.</i> |
| 5 | TH | Surely the land floweth with milk and honey.— <i>Numb. 13, 27.</i> |
| 6 | F | Nevertheless . . . we be not able to go up.— <i>v. 28-31.</i> |
| 7 | S | Many went back. Jesus said, Would ye also go away?— <i>John 6, 66 (R. V.)</i> |
| <hr/> | | |
| 8 | S | He shewed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal, |
| 9 | M | Proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, |
| 10 | TU | In the midst of the street thereof.— <i>Rev. 22, 1 (R. V.)</i> "I have a well of love ; I know it ; but it is a <i>well</i> , and a <i>draw</i> -well to your sorrow and mine, and it seldom overflows, but you may alway come hither to draw."— <i>Dr. J. Brown of Edinburgh, 1784-1858, writing to his son.</i> |
| 11 | W | A fountain opened to the inhabitants of Jerusalem.— <i>Zech. 13, 1.</i> |
| 12 | TH | Prove Me, if I will not open you the windows of heaven.— <i>Mal. 3, 10.</i> |
| 13 | F | I will pour water upon him that is thirsty.— <i>Is. 44, 3.</i> |
| 14 | S | They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them.— <i>1 Cor. 10, 4.</i> |
| <hr/> | | |
| 15 | S | I rejoice at Thy word as one that findeth great spoil — <i>Ps. 119, 162.</i> |
| 16 | M | Have ye not read?— <i>Matt. 12, 3.</i> |
| 17 | TU | Till I come, give heed to reading.— <i>1 Tim. 4, 13 (R. V.)</i> |
| 18 | W | When thou comest, bring the books.— <i>2 Tim. 4, 13.</i> |
| 19 | TH | Walk with wise men, and thou shalt be wise.— <i>Prov. 13, 20.</i> |
| 20 | F | The excellent in whom is all my delight.— <i>Ps. 16, 3 (R. V.)</i> |
| 21 | S | No more strangers, but fellow-citizens with the saints.— <i>Eph. 2, 19.</i> When Sir Henry Acland, K.C.B., a distinguished Oxford professor, asked his wife for a motto to be carved on the mantel-piece of his library, she at once quoted Wordsworth's lines to the Skylark : "Type of the wise who soar but never roam, True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home." |
| <hr/> | | |
| 22 | S | Come, take up the cross, and follow Me.— <i>Mark 10, 21.</i> |
| 23 | M | O let not the oppressed return ashamed.— <i>Ps. 74, 21.</i> "Mr. Locker-Lampson, passing Clement's Inn, read this notice : 'Persons with burdens not admitted,' and said : 'Happy place where no one has a burden.'"— <i>Mrs. Sellar's Recollections.</i> |
| 24 | TU | Bear ye one another's burdens.— <i>Gal. 6, 2.</i> |
| 25 | W | Cast thy burden upon the Lord.— <i>Ps. 55, 22.</i> |
| 26 | TH | Blessed be the Lord, who daily beareth our burden.— <i>Ps. 68, 19 (R. V.)</i> |
| 27 | F | I removed his shoulder from the burden : his hands were freed from the basket.— <i>Ps. 81, 6 (R. V.)</i> |
| 28 | S | I was to Ephraim as they that take off the yoke.— <i>Hosea 11, 4.</i> |
| <hr/> | | |
| 29 | S | Let your speech be always with grace.— <i>Col. 4, 6.</i> |
| 30 | M | Keep the door of my lips.— <i>Ps. 41, 3.</i> "But if their talk were foul, Gareth would whistle rapid as any lark, Or carol some old roundelay, and so loud That first they mocked, but, after, revered him."— <i>Tennyson.</i> |

October, 1907.

One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 10.

"Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven."



"Thank you for having me. I'll come back whenever you ask me."

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

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Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.—Luke 18, 17.

ONCE, when a little child cried in the City Temple and its mother rose up to take it out—so unkindly did her fellow-worshippers turn round and look at her—Dr. Joseph Parker bade her keep her seat, adding, "Let the child speak. I do not know what it is saying, but I know it is speaking the truth. It

is saying what it thinks!"

In a Greenock school one day, while the teacher was giving a lesson to the Infant Class, I saw a little girl rise up, and without further preface say, "Johnny Macewen hurted his hand yesterday." Who Johnny Macewen was no one knew but the child herself. It was only her second day at school, and she had to "out" with all that was in her heart.

Children, honest themselves, expect others to be honest too. They take people at their word, and that is the way to enter the Kingdom of heaven. Tell God frankly all you think; then let Him speak; and *whatsoever* He saith unto you believe it and do it.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued from page 100.)

What is thy name?

Selina.

"LADY SELINA JENKINSON, daughter of the Earl of Liverpool, has the merriest and most sweet-tempered face I ever beheld."—*The Creevey Memoirs*.

LADY SELINA HASTINGS, 1707-1791, daughter of the second Earl Ferrers, and wife of the ninth Earl of Huntingdon, by the support she gave to the evangelical cause and the Methodist movement, has left her mark on the religious history of England to the present day. Amongst her friends she numbered Whitefield, and the two Wesleys, Doddridge, Fletcher of Madeley, Venn, and Toplady, Rowland Hill, and Booth, who wrote *The Reign of Grace*. She was a woman who had many trials, of which I shall only mention two. She had a daughter SELINA, who on the eve of her marriage was killed by lightning in the arms of her lover in Donington Castle, Leicestershire. And she had a cousin, Laurence, fourth Earl Ferrers, who, for the murder of his land-steward in a fit of passion, died on the scaffold at Tyburn, May, 1760.

SIBYL or SIBYLLA was the name given by the Romans to a prophetess. The most famous Sibyl was the one who came in the early days of Rome to King Tarquin the Proud. She offered him, the story goes, nine books to buy. When he refused them she went away and burnt three of them; then bringing back the remaining six, she

What
is thy
name?

SELINA.

offered to sell them at the same price that she had asked for the nine. He laughed at her, and then, as before, she went and burnt three more, and coming back asked still the same price for the three books that were left. The King, struck by her pertinacity, asked his augurs what this might mean. "By all means," said they, "buy the three; but you should have bought the nine, for they are full of great and solemn secrets." So the King bought them, and they were kept in a stone chest underground in the Capitol, and two men were set apart to take charge of them and to consult them when the State was in danger. Which things are an Allegory, to be considered and interpreted by all wise boys and girls.

SIRILLA

It was one SIBILLA BOWADE, wife of John Longe, who was mother of William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester and Chancellor of England. He founded New College at Oxford in 1380, and Winchester School in 1387. His motto is a famous one: MANNERS MAKYTH MAN, *manners* like *mores* in Latin, meaning *morals* or *character*; as Tennyson puts it—

"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind."

SIBELLA

It was to see SIBELLA PIRIE, Mrs. Robertson, one of his earliest and dearest friends, a mother in Israel, and a woman well known for her hospitality especially to ministers, that Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, son of John Brown of Haddington the Commentator, made the ride so graphically described by his son, the author of *Rab and His Friends*, in a letter to Dr. Cairns. When the old man expressed a wish to ride with his son, whose patient "Sibbie" was—she was lying hopelessly ill at Juniper Green, near Edinburgh—the friend, a Mr. Stone, who was lending the son a horse, said, "You ride!" "Let him try," said the son, the upshot being that Mr. Stone brought round a sedate pony for the old minister, with all sorts of injunctions to the son not to let his father try the chestnut thoroughbred on which he himself was to ride. But the old man, who had not been on a horse for nearly twenty years, soon got teased with the short pattering steps of the sedate pony—whose name was Goliath—and looking wistfully up at his son and longingly at the tall thoroughbred which stepped once for Goliath's twice, said, "I think we'll change." "And so," says the doctor, "we changed. I remember how noble he looked; how at home; his white hair and his dark eyes, his erect, easy, accustomed seat. He soon let his eager horse slip gently away. . . . In a twinkling he was out of sight. I saw them last flashing through the arch under the Canal, his white hair flying. I was uneasy, though from his riding I knew he was as yet in command, so I put Goliath to his best, and having passed through Slateford I asked a stonebreaker if he had seen a gentleman on a chestnut horse. 'Has he white hair?' 'Yes.' 'And een like a gled's?' (that is, a hawk's.) 'Yes.' 'Weel, then, he's fleein' up the road like the wind; he'll be at Little Vantage (about nine miles off) in nae time if he haud on.' I never once sighted him, but on coming into Juniper Green there was his steaming chestnut at the gate, neighing cheerily to Goliath. I went in; he was at the bedside of

What
s thy
name?

BELLA

his friend, and in the midst of prayer. His words as I entered were, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee;' and he was not the less instant in prayer that his blood was up with his ride. He never again saw Sibbie. On coming out he said nothing, but took the chestnut, mounted her, and we came home quietly. His heart was opened; he spoke of old times and old friends; looked at the hills, and the sky; . . . and broke into Cowper's words: 'Yes,

He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
And ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.' "

And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are.—1 Cor. I, 28.

MRS. CRASS was the most regular attender that we had in a certain little church in the country. She was also the greatest fault-finder. The people who sat beside her knew, when her face brightened up, that the minister had said something she could make a handle of. So, one day, when our minister, talking about the various cords of love by which God sought to draw sinners to Himself, said that he personally had known an incident in which God used a dog as a means of grace, the mixture of smile and sneer—one-third smile and two-thirds sneer—that flitted across her face, made us who sat near her feel she had got the kind of morsel that she loved.

"Mrs. Crass will be making a fine talk about that dog," was one of the things we said to one another as we walked home that winter afternoon. And, true enough, Monday and Tuesday found her on her usual rounds among the disaffected folks, and it took but little persuasion to make them see that

not even our minister had said anything more ridiculous for a long time. "How could a dog be a means of grace?" she asked, and they all said, "How indeed?"

None of Mrs. Crass' family ever came to church. Hearing no good of their minister but only evil, and that continually, they had lost all respect not only for him but for all churches and ministers and for religion generally. And that this grieved her exceedingly I must honestly confess. She did wish her children to be good, and prayed often that God would incline them to go to His house not only on the Sabbath-day but on the prayer-meeting night as well, like the boys across the street whom her own children had learnt to nickname openly "the hypocrites."

Somehow or other about this time Mrs. Crass became the owner of a little Persian Cat, worth, it was said, two guineas at the very least. Then, one day, there was a hue and cry that Mrs. Crass' Persian Cat had disappeared and could not be found.

A few of the neighbours helped her in her search for an hour or so, but presently returned to their



household tasks. "It was too absurd to see a whole streetful of people," they said, "all looking for a cat as though it had been a wean." Mrs. Crass, however, continued her

search well on to midnight, and was much helped in this by the boys whom her sons, as we have seen, so cruelly miscalled. The next day was a Saturday—no school of course

—and the young Crasses, who were really much distressed at the loss of the kitten, for the little creature had taken possession of a warm corner in their hearts, resumed the quest, aided by “the hypocrites.” For two hours they searched the wood, and then at last they spied poor Puss on the top of an old Castle wall. It had got up and was unable to get down. The Crasses did their best to find a way and failed, but “the hypocrites,” after several attempts, succeeded. The poor hungry trembling creature was rescued, and brought down, and carried home in triumph, and from that hour “the hypocrites” were heroes in their comrades’ eyes. To their mother’s great astonishment the Crass boys told her next day they wanted to go to church, and they went not only that day, but ever afterwards.

“Well, Mrs. Crass,” an old elder who had heard the story said to her, “you surely won’t deny *now* that a dog, or a cat, which is the same thing, may be a means of grace?”

“I’ll admit no such thing,” was her answer. “I don’t deny that in certain circumstances God may make use of humble instruments for the accomplishment of his Own purposes in the salvation of men, but that is a *very different thing* from saying that a beast may be a means of grace.”

“Well, Mrs. Crass,” replied the old elder, “so far from being a very different thing, I would say it was just a different way, and a needlessly roundabout way, of saying the very same thing!”

Behold, this stone shall be a witness against us.—Joshua 24, 27 (R. V.)

MISS EGLANTINE THURSBY was an elderly unmarried lady; one could almost have foreseen from her name that that was to be her destiny. She was very tall and very handsome, and but for a certain sourness in her look at times would have been a beautiful woman. Sourness, ay, bitterness, and no wonder, for she had been sorely tried and wronged. In her childhood she had heard much about the virtues of Scotch people, their honesty, their thrift, and their religiousness. It was her lot, however, to fall more than once into the hands of thieves, and unfortunately all the thieves were Scotch. That which a firm of Scotch stock-brokers left, a firm of Scotch builders ate, and what the builders left, a firm of Scotch lawyers ate. When she was past middle age circumstances brought her to Scotland, and once more she fell in with people who were anything but kind. Wherever she went each neighbour proved more disobliging and more quarrelsome than the last, while as for their children, not one of them would run an errand for her unless he were paid for it, and even then he seemed to think his going was a favour. On his return home the first salutation his mother and the neighbours gave him would be like this:—“And what did the old wretch give you?” and the answer would be, “She only gave me 2d.”

Her name was a perennial fount of amusement. They affected never to be able to remember it. When

the postman told them her first name was Eglantine, they changed it first to Jessamine, and then to Columbine. "What's come over the Columbine?" one would say to another, "for I haven't seen her these two days." A young nephew came to visit her, and when in answer to the question, "Who can that be that's staying with Miss Thursday?" one of the neighbours suggested that it would be her "man Friday," it was thought that the power of human wit could no further go.

CHAPTER II.

Chance, which is one of the names men give to God, brought her in process of time to a little lonely cottage about a mile from our village. Her only neighbours were the Templetons, a family that lived in another cottage about 100 yards away, and if all Miss Thursby's previous Scotch acquaintances, like the figs in one of Jeremiah's baskets, were very naughty—"which could not be eaten they were so bad"—her new friends, like the figs in his other basket, were not only good, but very good, "even like the figs that are first ripe." There are few such households anywhere, and any one whose lot it was to live near them might well have said, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places."

Mrs. Templeton, as is every woman's duty, did her best to show she made her neighbour welcome. But Miss Thursby was in her most acid mood and manner, and I fear hardly acted like a lady. Mrs. Templeton said nothing, but listened

quietly, remembering that the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and resolved to wait patiently and bide her time. But all in vain; there was no advance, however kindly meant, that was not instantly repelled.

CHAPTER III.

The Templetons had a lovely rockery in their garden. Its first beginning was a few white pebbles gathered by her children on the shore. But one day the elder boys and girls—there were seven of them in all—saw their mother's mouth water as she gazed at a specimen of gardener's art at one of our Scottish Exhibitions, and they formed a great resolve.

Fully half-a-mile past their cottage there was a rocky promontory, and on the beach most lovely bits of quartz, some white as snow, some richly veined with red and green. It was the oldest boy's proposal, and this is what he said. "Suppose we were each to fetch the largest and prettiest stones we can find, one for every year of our life, that would make a splendid rockery. Suppose we try to have it ready for mother's birthday! That would make a fine present for her, for every stone would stand for a year in the life of some of us!"

The proposal was adopted and in due time carried out. How much work that meant, how many weary backs and weary legs and cut fingers, only those who have built a rockery can know; and how much joy it brought only a mother can know; but how much love it was the sign of I hope you all know. The



eldest sister did the designing, for she had taste, and a strong will. Then, when her birthday came, they led their mother out and showed her, what she had never noticed, that every stone had a letter scratched on it, and a number, and the letter stood for the initial of the one who had gathered it, and the number stood for a year in that one's life, and the rockery was to be a family monument, a memorial of love. Their mother said nothing, only she cried; but next morning, before one of them was up, she went out, and every stone—and there were seventy-six—she kissed in turn. But she told nobody that except the minister. He had noticed some of the scratchings, and he was so inquisitive!

CHAPTER IV.

God sets the solitary in families, for it is not good for any one to be alone, and so it came about one

day that Miss Thursby *had* to call on Mrs. Templeton about a letter left at her house by mistake. As she was going away the rockery caught her eye. It was looking very beautiful. The children had made their mother put the first plant in it, and she had chosen a forget-me-not. Each week, almost each day, saw some addition, fern, stone-crop, toad-flax, periwinkle, or campanula. Miss Thursby was delighted, and in a moment of forgetfulness exclaimed—"What I would give to have something like that! My father had one when I was little and we lived in Devonshire." "My boys will be very pleased and proud to gather the stones for you if you will let them," was the answer. But then her pride asserted itself once more, and Miss Thursby, thinking this was another illustration of Scotch thrift, said, in her iciest tone, "No, thank you. I will gather them myself if I wish them."

CHAPTER V.

The very next morning they saw her gathering, like Sir Isaac Newton, a few pebbles on the shore, and then a great thought entered into the mind of Mrs. Templeton. "I'm sorry for Miss Thursby," she said. "I'm sure she has had great trials in her life and, poor body, it has made her bitter and suspicious. Now she has set her heart on a rockery, but she'll get no rockery there, unless we help her somehow. And I want you to gather stones just as you did for me, as many and as bonnie, and put you names on them, only very small. And you are to bury the stones, one or two each day as the tide suits, in the sand, and in the shingle, leaving a little bit sticking up, so that she may find them for herself, but we'll not tell her till God himself open up the way, and maybe she'll see then that there is such a thing in the world as kindness and good feeling."

CHAPTER VI.

And that is what the children did, only, for practice makes perfect, they gathered better ones and bigger ones, and these were all duly buried and duly dug up, and carried home in triumph! And wasn't it a treat to see the old lady's face beaming as she struggled home with some bit of treasure trove every day in the week! And good as Nancy Templeton was at arranging them, Miss Thursby was far better.

I have forgotten to tell you about one stone that she was specially proud of. The boys had left it lying when they were gathering

for themselves, it was too big to carry all that way. But it was a beauty, like a bit of snow-white marble pink with the setting sun. Now they thought they would bring it as their mother's contribution, and so they did, burying it judiciously as they had done the others. Knowing that Miss Thursby could not carry it, were it to save her life, they passed along the road, as if by accident, the very moment after she had unearthed it and was standing gazing at it as though it were Cleopatra's needle.

"May we help you to carry it, Miss Thursby?" said the eldest boy.

"No, thank you," was her answer, and she turned her back on them.

And then what did the boy do but hurry home, put on an old coat, and a huge cravat round his neck, and an old straw hat, come back, and pretending to be a tramp walking from Lancashire to Fife where he was told he was sure of work, offer to carry the boulder for her for a shilling and a pair of boots or old trousers!

"If you care to do it for three-pence you may," she said, "but I'll give you no more."

"All right, ma'am," he said, "but you Scotch people are hard at driving a bargain."

It was a big lift, and he was glad enough when he had set it down. "Are you quite sure, ma'am," he said, "you haven't an old pair of boots that would fit me?" That of course was just his fun, said chiefly to keep up his character of tramp.

"Put the stone there," she said, pointing out the place, "and there's a sixpence for you."

"It's an uncommonly pretty stone," he said, slipping the sixpence underneath it as though giving his job a finishing touch.

CHAPTER VII.

A year afterwards, at the urgent bidding of her brother, a prosperous man in Canada, Mrs. Templeton and all her children said farewell to Scotland. She was sorry to leave the stones behind her—"but we'll get far grander ones over there," her children said—but she was sorrier still, I think, to go away before she had overcome her unhappy neighbour's prejudice. The morning they left home, after worship and a prayer in each room, and a glance at all the grates to make sure they had left a day's firing for the new tenant, and a last look at the rockery, Mrs. Templeton went to bid Miss Thursby good-bye. The boys and girls stood crying on the road. The lady hesitated, then shook hands, and said "Good-bye," and closed the door before her visitor was halfway down the garden walk.

"I suppose," she said to herself, "she would be expecting me to give her children something."

CHAPTER VIII.

A month or two afterwards, our minister, waxing courageous, ventured to call on our haughty dame. She began once more her usual tirade about Scotch dishonesty and greed. "'They are all alike," she said.

"I'm sure," he said, "you did not find the Templetons dishonest?"
- "No, they didn't get the chance. But I saw they could be greedy from the first day I came."

And then the minister opened her eyes, telling her the story of the stones as he himself had got it, and then about the last big stone. "It's too dark to read it to-night," he said, "but if it were daylight you would find a T scratched on it somewhere, and the words 'with great goodwill,' but it's not too late to turn the stone over on its side, and find the sixpence that you gave her boy."

When the minister left Miss Thursby was crying, and she continued crying all that night. Next day she wrote two letters, a short one to the minister, and a long one to Canada, both delightful, but the second one was the more delightful of the two.

Reasons for not going to Church. 9th Series.—No. 10.

These young men instead of going to Church have gone to visit a companion who was injured in a motor accident on Thursday, as they are sure he must be feeling lonely, and "mercy," you know, "is better than sacrifice." They would have come to see him sooner if it had been at all possible; but one of them was yachting, another was shooting, a third was umpiring in a cricket match, and the fourth was away seeing some pro-



sessionals play at the opening of a new golf course.

The friend whom they have come to, keep company with is in another room, but they think it better not to disturb him, as they are sure the doctor must have recommended that he should be kept as quiet as possible.

| | | |
|----|----|--|
| 1 | TU | Whatsoever ye do, work heartily, as unto the Lord ; |
| 2 | W | Knowing that from the Lord ye shall receive the recompense of the inheritance. "A merchant who had risen to great wealth told me once that civility in serving a poor woman with a pennyworth of tape led, by a remarkable chain of circumstances, to dealings to the extent of hundreds of pounds." — <i>W. Chambers the Publisher.</i> |
| 3 | TH | Ye serve the Lord Christ.— <i>Col. 3, 23 (R. V.)</i> |
| 4 | F | The fruit of the Spirit is kindness.— <i>Gal. 5, 22 (R. V.)</i> |
| 5 | S | The Lord's servant must be gentle towards all.— <i>2 Tim. 2, 24 (R. V.)</i> |
| 6 | S | He knoweth our frame ; |
| 7 | M | He remembereth that we are dust.— <i>Psa. 103, 14.</i> |
| 8 | TU | We have not an high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.— <i>Heb. 4, 15 (R. V.)</i> |
| 9 | W | But One that hath been in all points tempted like as we are. |
| 10 | TH | Ye know the heart of a stranger,— <i>Ex. 23, 9.</i> |
| 11 | F | Seeing ye were strangers in Egypt. "I always feel a tenderness for newspaper boys, because I once carried newspapers myself."— <i>Faraday.</i> |
| 12 | S | Ye are strangers and sojourners with Me.— <i>Lev. 25, 23.</i> |
| 13 | S | Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, |
| 14 | M | And ye are not your own ? |
| 15 | TU | For ye are bought with a price : |
| 16 | W | Therefore glorify God in your body, |
| 17 | TH | And in your spirit, which are God's.— <i>1 Cor. 6, 19.</i> |
| 18 | F | Ye are the light of the world.— <i>Matt. 5, 14.</i> |
| 19 | S | The light of the body is the eye.— <i>Matt. 6, 22.</i> The United States Ambassador to Russia in 1840 was a drunkard. One day, after a week's drinking, his Irish valet dragged him out of bed, took him across the room, and showed him his face in the glass, saying, "Are these the eyes of an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary?"— <i>Autobiography of A. D. White, U.S.A. Ambassador to Germany.</i> |
| 20 | S | Walk with wise men, and thou shalt be wise : |
| 21 | M | But the companion of fools shall smart for it.— <i>Prov. 13, 20 (R. V.)</i> |
| 22 | TU | What communion hath light with darkness.— <i>2 Cor. 6, 14.</i> |
| 23 | W | Walk as children of light.— <i>Eph. 5, 8.</i> "There was one thing our mother would never allow, and this was that the children, even when they became quite large, should be out of the house, in the streets or public places, after dark, without an elderly and trusty companion."— <i>A. D. White.</i> |
| 24 | TH | And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. |
| 25 | F | Ye are all sons of light, and sons of the day.— <i>1 Thess. 5, 5.</i> |
| 26 | S | The outer darkness.— <i>Matt. 8, 12.</i> The blackness of darkness.— <i>Jude 13.</i> |
| 27 | S | The eternal God is thy dwelling place, |
| 28 | M | And underneath are the everlasting arms.— <i>Deut. 33, 37 (R. V.)</i> |
| 29 | TU | Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.— <i>Psa. 23, 4.</i> When Sir W. Flower, K.C.B., F.R.S., Keeper of the Natural History Museum, was dying, 1899, his wife was startled by the vehemence with which, when she read this text to him, he cried out, "It is so, it is so." |
| 30 | W | Thy right hand upholdeth me.— <i>Psa. 63, 8.</i> |
| 31 | TH | God is a very present help in trouble.— <i>Psa. 46, 1.</i> |

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. II.

Child's Morning Prayer.



*Now I'm clad and stand upright,
Jesus, guard me in Thy might ;
By God's grace, oh grant to me
To pass this day as pleases Thee.*

—Translated from the Icelandic by the late Professor Frederick York Powell.

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London: The Sunday School Union 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Not self-willed, not soon angry, no brawler,
no striker.—Titus 1, 7.

WHEN a chairman in our country wishes to call a speaker or an audience to order he usually rings a bell; in America, he taps his table or his desk with a gavel or little mallet made of wood or ivory. When a Convention closes, the presentation of a memorial gavel to the President is often made the occasion of an interesting ceremony.

Thirty years ago a distinguished American, named Judge Folger, who had been disappointed at not getting things his own way in a great Assembly over which he had been presiding, showed his anger, when declaring the meeting adjourned, by bringing his gavel down with a sort of fling which caused it to fly out of his hand and fall in front of his desk on the floor.

Happily it was after midnight and few saw it, but all regretted that one so highly respected should have so lost his temper. By common consent the matter was hushed; it was not mentioned in the newspapers; and soon all seemed to be forgotten.

But in the following summer, when the Judge was one of two candidates for the Presidency of a State Convention, an article in the *New York Tribune*, one of the chief newspapers in the United States, closed by saying that it would be best to have a President who, when he disagreed with members, did not fling his gavel at them. And that shot, says the man who tells the story, took effect; people asked the meaning of it; all kinds of exaggerated rumours got abroad; the very name of the member at whom he had thrown the gavel was given; and poor Judge Folger in being rejected met with one of the sorest disappointments of his life.

You will remember how a greater than Judge Folger missed the Promised Land by bringing down his Rod—the Rod of God—in anger, and speaking unadvisedly.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued from page 112.)

What
is thy
name?

Sibella

"At this time of persecution, 1539," at the beginning of the First Reformation in Scotland, "there were many professors of Protestantism, howbeit secret, amongst the nobility and the citizens and burgesses of Edinburgh, amongst them SIBELLA LINDSAY, spouse to John Fowler."—*Calderwood's History*. A "secret professor" is suspiciously like a "candle under a bushel!" It not only gives no light, but it is in great danger of going out.

SIBILLA MACADAM was one of those to whom Samuel Rutherford, the

What
is thy
name?

Sibilla

Covenanter, wrote his famous letters from his prison in Aberdeen in 1637. "I can bear witness in my bonds," he says to her, "that Christ is still the longer the better and no worse; yea, inconceivably better than He is, or can be, called. . . . Ye have the choice and wale of all lovers in heaven or out of heaven when ye have Christ, the only delight of God His Father."

Sophia

SOPHIA is the Greek word for *Wisdom*, and it is one of Christ's Names. "Rabbi" Duncan, Professor of Hebrew in the New College, Edinburgh, 1796-1870, great scholar and great saint, lost his mother when he was five, but happily got for his step-mother one SOPHIA SUTHERLAND. The neighbours—as many bad women still do—cruelly did all they could to poison his mind against her, but he never had a better friend. His father, a stern harsh man, wished to make his boy a shoemaker like himself. She, discerning the promise of the child, set herself to answer his prayer—"O that God would spare me till I get on the red cloakie," that is, the red gown worn by the students of Aberdeen. She used to hear him say his lessons, and marvelling at the speed with which he rattled them off, would say, "Mind the stops, Johnny, my boy!" And well was her love repaid. Once, being very angry with his father for some act of severity, the little fellow made his will in Latin, with a brevity and yet with an amplitude that revealed both his hatred and his love, in these terms: "*Omne matri, nihil patri*"—Everything to mother, nothing to father. After her husband died she married a Mr. Booth who equalled his wife in devotion to her stepson. Dr. Duncan's frequent letters to them, many of them "registerdies" like Jamie's in *A Window in Thrums*, were carefully arranged and laid past, and when Mrs. Booth was dying she kept the bag that held them under her pillow.

MISS SOPHIA JOHNSTON, or Suphy as she was always called, was one of the best known women in Edinburgh in her time. Her father and mother made a vow, when she was born, never to teach her anything, or break her spirit by contradiction, but to leave her entirely to what they called "Nature." In her girlhood she hunted with her brothers, wrestled with the stable-boys, sawed wood with the carpenter, became an expert worker in iron, could shoe a horse quicker than the smith, made trunks, played well on the fiddle, sang bass, and was an excellent mimic. When she was a young woman she got the butler to teach her reading and writing. Her dress, according to Lord Cockburn, was always the same—a man's hat out of doors and indoors too, a cloth covering cut like a man's great-coat buttoned closely from the chin to the ground, and strong shoes with large brass clasps. Thus dressed she sat in any drawing-room and at any table, amidst the fashion and aristocracy of the land, respected and liked. She was very outspoken, and if any one said a foolish thing in her hearing, no matter who it was, would say, "That's surely great nonsense, Sir." For thirteen years she lived with the Countess of Balcarres, and had a little forge fitted up for her in one of her apartments. It was she who taught Lady Balcarres' daughter, Lady Anne Barnard, 1750-1825, the melody for

What
is thy
name?

Sophia

which that lady wrote the Ballad of *Auld Robin Gray*. In her later years Miss Johnston lived alone with only one servant. When the servant went out—it might be for a whole day—she was told to lock the door and take the key with her. This saved her mistress the trouble of answering the door, but she had a hole made through which she could see who came, and if she was inclined she talked to them through it, and when tired told them to go away. Her closing years were very unhappy. When her old friends of the Lindsay family called they generally found her crouching in a corner of her den, and her first salutation, as she stretched out her skinny hand to receive their gift, was always—"What hae ye brocht? what hae ye brocht?"

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the American writer, 1804-1864, married in 1842 MISS SOPHIA PEABODY, then in her thirty-second year. She was a woman of great ability, read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, it seems, though to what extent I do not know—and the extent is everything—and had much skill in drawing, painting, and sculpture. A mathematical survey, according to her son Julian, would have pronounced her features plain. Most men, happily, forgot their mathematics when they looked at her, and pronounced her face to be at once "tender, winning, and resolute." All her life she suffered in health from the effects of drugs given her during her babyhood in teething time. She had, in particular, an acute nervous headache which lasted without a break from her twelfth to her thirty-first year—19 years! During all that time she had to take her meals alone, as she could not bear the noise of other people's knives and forks. Wherever she lived no door could be shut hard. Yet she was always happy, for her trial taught her endurance, charity, and self-restraint. When she became engaged, she stipulated that her marriage was only to take place if her health improved. "If God intends us to marry," she said, "He will let me be cured; if not, it will be a sign that it is not best." Cure seemed impossible, yet the impossible happened, and Love himself, they thought, was the physician. During their courtship, such was the loving awe in which he stood of her, Mr. Hawthorne never read her letters till he had first washed his hands. His letters to her, to his "Belovedest" and his "Dearissima," are very beautiful. Here is a bit of one written shortly after their marriage, while she was absent on a brief visit to her mother in Boston: "Dear little wife, . . . I sat a long time thinking of many things; but the thought of thee, the great thought of thee, was among all other thoughts, like the pervading sunshine falling through the boughs and branches of a tree and tingeing every separate leaf. And surely thou shouldest not have deserted me without manufacturing a sufficient quantity of sunshine to last till thy return. Art thou not ashamed? Methinks my little wife is twin-sister to the Spring, for they both are fresh and dewy, both full of hope and cheerfulness; both have bird-voices, always singing out of their hearts; both are sometimes overcast with flitting mists, which only make the flowers bloom brighter; and both have power to refresh the weary spirit. I have married the Spring! I am husband to the month of May!" She died in 1871.



Small Boy, to Sir Alexander Babcock, K.C.B., President of the Royal Ornithological Society: "*There's a wee peesweep (peewit) on the road down there; see ye dinna meddle wi' it!*"

For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field.—Job 5, 23.

WHEN our young minister began his sermon on that text a few Sabbaths after his ordination, and told us that of course the words were not to be taken literally, for how could the stones of the field be in league with a man? some of the older folks said to themselves, "Ay, it's well seen he's fresh from college; he may be a fine scholar, but he hasn't seen much of life." Then, when he went on to speak of the difference between the Semitic and Aryan mind, and the characteristics of Oriental as distinguished from our Western modes of thought, some of the wiser men in the congregation felt there was something in what he said that would be very helpful to the understanding of the Bible if only they could get a right grip of it; others thought it very dry in spite of its evidently beautiful language, and said that whatever else it might be it wasn't preaching the gospel. We all noticed, however, what two young students did who were sitting together in one of the front seats. They were both known to be very clever lads, who, to our sorrow, had given over going to church for many a day. As the minister went on, one of them was heard to whisper to the other, "This is good stuff; have you any paper about you?" and then presently he began taking every word down in shorthand on the backs of several letters and envelopes which his neighbour had handed to him. But after a time, when the minister began to compare the words of

Eliphaz with Paul's—"All things are yours, whether life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's"—the student ceased taking notes and seemed to be trying to count the little lozenge-shaped panes in the windows, but the old folks sat up and then leant forward and seemed to be feasting their eyes on him.

"That laddie loves Christ, and weel he may, and he's a' richt there," said an old ploughman to his wife on the road home, "but he was a' wrang aboot the stanes o' the field, and I could prove it to him, and so could any man that ever drove a plough through rocky ground."

II.

And so said many others that week.

"That was real true, sir, what you said about the stones o' the field yesterday," said old Nelly Bathgate to the minister when he called on her on the Monday. "There's a place on the other side o' the wood up-by, where the masons did the hewing for the laird's new house, and many a penny I have got for the sand-stane I get there. It was a' covered wi' rubbish, and I found it out by accident one day. It's so white and soft none o' the women folks will buy any other. Your ain house-keeper says you were admiring the steps yourself one day."

"I was thinking about what you were telling us yesterday," said another old member of his flock to him, "when I was resting on the big boulder near the top o' the brae



on my way to the mill. You know that it came there off the hillside one morning after the big frost three years ago? Weel, a kind o' weak turn came over me and I tell ye I was glad for that stane this day. There wasna a creature in sight, and if I had had to lay the bag down on the road, I don't know how I could have got it on my back again."

"Yes, sir," said an old stonedyer to him on the Wednesday, "that's the prettiest stretch of dyke I've built this many-a-day. I just felt when I was doing it as if the stones were in league wi' me. They just came to my hand as if they were eager to fit into their places. I just felt like that man Orpheus that I've read about that whistled or played on the flute, was it? and the stones jumped up and made a wall of their own accord. If this dyke's no interfered wi', it should stand for hundreds o' years, and though people won't know it, it will be a monument of God's love to me and of the way He helped me. Yes, sir, it should last all that time easily. The factor says the building o' the dykes is a' entered in the estate books, and several o' them are more than 200 years auld."

On the Friday the minister walked home part of the way with old Mr. Douglas the roadman. "Yes, sir, I'm 81 if I be spared to August, and I'm no as strong as I once was, and my sight troubles me, and I could have broken five cubit yards once for every two I can do now, and yet sometimes I get on extraordinary. These last three weeks I sometimes just felt as if God or the angels were

taking pity on me and helping me. I never had dourer whin to work with to look at, and yet it broke as I never saw whin break before, and the big bits never needed a second turning, they lay the very airt I wanted them, and when I heard you gie out your text I said to myself, 'I wonder if anybody has been telling him about me.'"

"No," said the minister, "but I wish somebody had!"

III.

A week later our minister and the banker—he's Established Church—forgathered on the road. "You are looking uncommonly cheery to-day," said the minister.

"Am I? Well can you blame me? The young laird is home from Cambridge just now—he's a great athlete you know—and he and the captain of the Cambridge eleven that's staying with him challenged the Colonel and me when we met in the Bank the other day to a game at golf, and we have just finished the match."

"And how did you get on?"

"Well, they were three holes up in the forenoon at the end of the first round, and they won other two in the first half of the second round, and were leading by five, and then it seemed as if everything they did went wrong, and really they had hard lines, and on the other hand the Colonel and I seemed as if we couldn't make a mistake. At the 17th hole we were level. It was their turn to play off, and the laird drove a pretty one, and I foozled mine, and then his partner laid a beauty of an approach. The Colonel

took a long time to make up his mind what club to use, but fixed on his mashie at last, and we all felt the match was lost, for the ball went too far, and then didn't the wind carry it against the railway wall and the ball bounced back to within two feet of the hole and laid the laird the prettiest stimie you ever saw! He tried to jump us but failed, and then I holed easily, and the match was ours! I thought the Colonel would have gone crazy with joy. 'James Braid himself,' he said, 'never did a cleverer or a neater thing.' The three of us are to dine with him to-night, and we'll play every hole in the game over again, I tell you."

"The stones of the field were in league with you for once, as the Bible says," said the minister.

"Where is that in the Bible?"

"Job five and twenty-three," was the answer. "It is part of the speech of one of Job's friends."

IV.

At dinner that night the banker, who had turned up the passage, quoted it and told how he had met the young minister who had lately come to the place, and how he had quoted the passage and could give the chapter and verse on the spot. "If he's a gentleman, as you say," said the Colonel a little after, "I must call on him and have him up some night." And on the Sabbath after, the Cambridge Captain said to the laird, "I say, old man, you won't mind, will you, if I go to service in the church where that young clergyman preaches that we

were talking about the other night—the one that knows his Bible off by heart? I think he must be a good sort."

V.

Two months afterwards the young student whom we saw taking notes met the minister, and said he felt bound to thank him for that sermon he had heard. "I took notes of what you said about Eastern and Western modes of thought, and oddly enough the very week after our Moral Philosophy Professor set a question on that in our monthly examination paper. I put down what you had said almost word for word, and he gave me great praise for my answer, and read it out in the class!"

But what the student said to his companion was this: "You remember that Sabbath when we were home, and I whispered to you in the church that what the minister was saying was 'good stuff,' and I borrowed some paper from you? Well, it *was* good stuff, and no mistake; but I've been thinking since that what he said after I stopped taking notes was still better stuff."

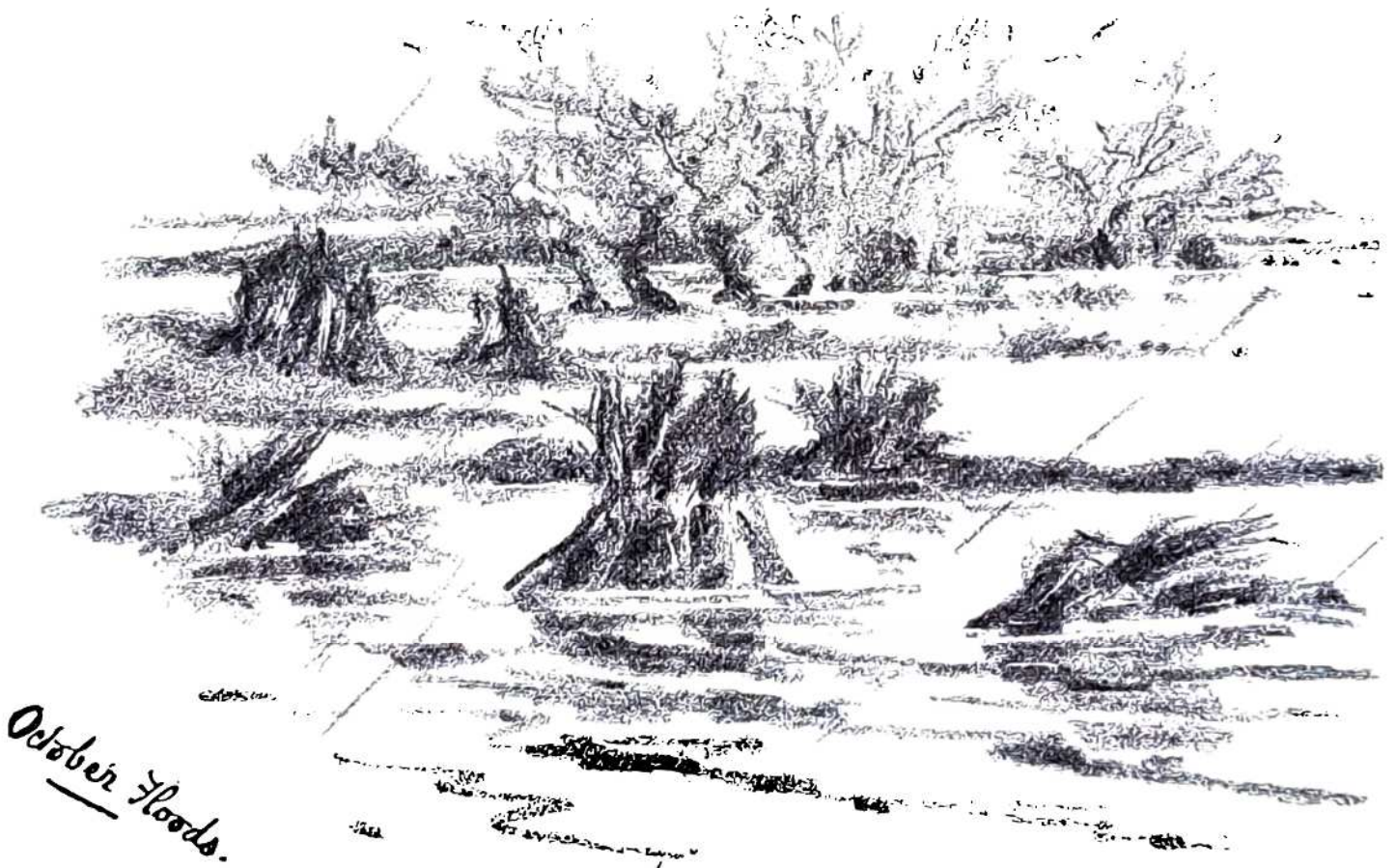
And what our minister himself said was this: "The stones of the field were certainly in league with me that week, though at first I stumbled at them badly. For that text has taught me that the humblest member of my congregation can tell me things about the Bible and things about God that I never could have found in my College note-books or in Commentaries or discovered by my own thinking."

*Alms deeds which she did.—Acts 9, 36.
(Not—which she said she would do!—
Philip Henry.)*

DURING the American Civil War the young women in a certain village held sewing circles, doing work for the soldiers. Mr. Ezra Cornell, a Quaker, a remarkable man, founder of Cornell University, was asked to contribute to their funds, but to every one's surprise declined, saying drily, "These women don't really come together to sew for the soldiers; they come together to gossip." The young ladies protested that he was doing them injustice. "Very well," he said; "if you can prove that I am wrong, I will gladly contribute; if you will only sew together for one whole afternoon and no one of you speak a word, I will give you a

hundred dollars."

The ladies accepted the challenge, the society met as usual, and complete silence reigned. The young men of the neighbourhood, having heard of what was happening and seeing a fine chance of teasing their fair friends, came in large numbers to the sewing-circle and tried to get them to talk. For a time their efforts were all in vain, but at length to a question skilfully put one of the young ladies made a reply, and the spell was broken. Their sufferings had been all in vain, and their hopes had come to nought. Of course the whole assembly were in great distress, but when all was told to Mr. Cornell, he said, "They shall have their hundred dollars, for they have done better than any other women ever did."



October Floods.



Reasons for not going to Church. 9th Series.—No. 11.

This Young Man is not going to Church to-day because it is Communion Sabbath and he is not a communicant, and if he went, all he could do, he says, would be to sit and look on. Yet he goes as often as he can to cricket and golf and football matches, though he plays none of these games himself. But that doesn't matter, he says, for he can enjoy looking on while others play.

| | | |
|----|----|--|
| 1 | F | Let your speech be alway with grace,— <i>Col. 4, 6.</i> |
| 2 | S | Seasoned with salt. Thaddeus Stevens, an American politician, hearing the clash of a plate one day, cried out to his negro servant with a bitter oath, "What have you broken now, you idiot?" "Bress de good Lord," she answered, "it ain't de Third Commandment." |
| 3 | S | I said in my haste, All men are liars.— <i>Ps. 116, 11.</i> |
| 4 | M | A faithful man who can find?— <i>Prov. 20, 6.</i> |
| 5 | Tu | Whisperers, backbiters, hateful to God.— <i>Rom. 1, 30 (R.V.)</i> |
| 6 | W | His mouth was smooth as butter, but his heart was war.— <i>Ps. 55, 21.</i> |
| 7 | Th | Take not heed unto all words that are spoken.— <i>Eccl. 7, 21.</i> Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln, Oxford, said once—"To know what others think of you, take your lowest estimate of yourself in your most depressed moments, and divide by 3." |
| 8 | F | Thine own heart knowest that thou thyself hast cursed others. |
| 9 | S | Yea, let God be found true.— <i>Rom. 3, 4 (R.V.)</i> |
| 10 | S | Why sayest thou, My way is hid from the Lord?— <i>Is. 40, 27.</i> |
| 11 | M | The Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary. |
| 12 | Tu | Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened.— <i>Is. 59, 1.</i> |
| 13 | W | The everlasting arms.— <i>Deut. 33, 27.</i> The late Sir Leslie Stephen never forgot the day when he felt for the first time that his brother Sir J. F. Stephen's hand had lost its strong grip, and that he could shake it without having his own crushed. |
| 14 | Th | But Thou remainest.— <i>Heb. 1, 11.</i> |
| 15 | F | But Thou art the same.— <i>v. 12.</i> |
| 16 | S | Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, yea, and for ever.— <i>ch. 13.8 (R.V.)</i> |
| 17 | S | If thou sell aught or buy aught ye shall not wrong one another.— <i>Lev. 25, 14 (R.V.)</i> |
| 18 | M | Defraud not.— <i>Mark 10, 19.</i> The Grand Duke Michael, brother of the Czar Alexander II., said that if any Russian were entrusted with the official care of a canary, he would at once set up and keep a coach and pair out of it: so Count Munster told me.— <i>A. D. White's Autobiography.</i> |
| 19 | Tu | Behold, the tears of such as were oppressed. |
| 20 | W | On the side of their oppressors there was power.— <i>Eccl. 4, 1.</i> |
| 21 | Th | I have smitten Mine hand at thy dishonest gain.— <i>Ezek. 22, 12.</i> |
| 22 | F | Your gold and your silver are rusted. |
| 23 | S | Their rust shall be for a testimony against you.— <i>James 5, 3 (R.V.)</i> |
| 24 | S | O Lord my God, Thou art very great.— <i>Ps. 104, 1.</i> |
| 25 | M | He set a circle on the face of the deep.— <i>Prov. 8, 27.</i> |
| 26 | Tu | The sea grew more and more tempestuous.— <i>Jonah 1, 11 (R.V.)</i> "I reckon it one of the great misfortunes of my life that I have never seen a wave of respectability for size."— <i>Bishop Christopher Wordsworth of Lincoln.</i> |
| 27 | W | I have placed the sand for the bound of the sea.— <i>Jer. 5, 22.</i> |
| 28 | Th | Stormy wind, fulfilling His word.— <i>Ps. 148, 8.</i> |
| 29 | F | But the Lord was not in the wind; but the Lord was not in the fire: |
| 30 | S | And after the fire a still small voice.— <i>1 Kings, 19, 12.</i> |

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 12.

○ Sancta Simplicitas!



Muriel's Hostess: "Will you take a cake?"

Muriel: "No, thank you. But I'll take one for Uncle Jim, and one for Cousin Tom, and one for Cousin Charlie, and one for Aunt Mary."

And she got them, and brought them home, too!

THE MORNING WATCH for 1907, Volume XX. is NOW READY. Price One Shilling. —●—

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Fully Awake.

Now Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep: but when they were fully awake, they saw His glory. Luke 9, 32. (R.V.)

CAPTAIN MAHAN, a distinguished retired officer of the United States Navy, says in his book *From Sail to Steam* that he used to look on the fifteen minutes during which the watch on board ship was being changed at the end of every four hours, as a period not only of inconvenience but of very real danger. The lieutenant in charge of the expiring or outgoing watch would too often put off some necessary step, either from indolence, or from a good-natured unwillingness to disturb the men who, when not needed to work, slept about the decks, excepting of course the man at the wheel and the lookouts. The other watch, he would say to himself, will soon be coming up; let them do it. There were times, as when a gale was slowly increasing, which might justify delay, especially if the men had been working unusually hard. But squalls in the tropics, which gather quickly and sweep down with hurricane force, are another matter.

If one of these comes on and finds the one watch thinking only of their hammocks, and the men that are relieving them only half awake, there is great risk that the ship, taken by surprise, may be caught unprepared.

To illustrate the danger, Captain Mahan tells a story that had been told him by a friend. "I had just taken the trumpet"—the outward visible sign that the watch was changed—"when my predecessor, the officer who had handed it to me, remarked as it were quite casually, 'It looks like a pretty big squall coming up there to windward,' and then instantly made for his bunk below! I jumped on the horse-block, and there it was, sure enough, coming down on us hand over fist. I had no time to shorten sail, but only to put the helm up and get the ship before it.'"

Beginnings, and endings, and joinings, are always critical times. Every boy who has drawn a line with a ruler knows that. It is the first step, and the last step, of a stair that are the dangerous ones. Every body that has gone up or down one in frosty weather knows that. And every footballer knows that the goal that wins the match is often kicked in a sudden rush one minute from the starting of the game, or in a sudden dash ten seconds from the finish.

Even so the last day of the Old Year and the first day of the New are critical for many and solemn for all. It is a good plan to close the one and begin the other praying. Make Christ your Omega—make Him your Alpha too, both Last and

First, and First and Last, and All in all.

Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may

sift you as wheat : but I have prayed for thee. . . . Why sleep ye ? rise and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued from page 124.)

What
is thy
name?

Sophia.

Sir Marc Isambard Brunel, the engineer who built the Thames Tunnel, was born in France in 1769, but had to leave his native country in 1793 because of his political opinions. He went first to the United States and was appointed chief engineer to New York, but it was not till he returned to Europe in 1799 and settled in Plymouth that he came to his kingdom, and came to it in more ways than one, literally as well as figuratively, for it was there he met and married a MISS SOPHIA KINGDOM, and had by her a son, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the man who designed the *Great Western*, the first steamship built to cross the Atlantic, and fifteen years afterwards, 1853-1858, built the still more famous *Great Eastern*.

In 1701, when the question of succession to the throne of Great Britain was discussed, it was found that all the descendants of James VI. of Scotland and I. of England were either dead or were Roman Catholics, with the exception of SOPHIA, wife of the Elector of Hanover, and her family. (The King of Hanover was called *Elector*, because he was one of the great princes who had the right to elect the Emperor of Germany.) Sophia was the 12th, some say the 13th, child of Elizabeth, wife of the King of Bohemia and daughter of King James. The name Sophia was chosen for her by lot, which was a very wrong and foolish thing to do. Her parents should have gone straight to God and He would have guided them in answer to their prayers. One of Sophia's brothers was Prince Rupert, the man who during the Civil War in England won many battles by his resistless charges and then lost them by his too headlong pursuit. Sophia was brought up amid all the ridiculous ceremony that has ever been the pride of the German Courts. Every day at dinner she had to make nine profound obeisances to her brothers and the attendants. Many princes sought her hand, and she was even betrothed for a time to one of them, Adolph of Sweden, but she was not sorry to give him up. He had a bad temper, and, perhaps worse still in her eyes, "a chin like a shoe-horn." Her heart, she says in a letter, had lain towards this country and its people ever since an English lord had remarked in her hearing, that when she grew up she would be the most beautiful of all her sisters. Accordingly the putting of her name in the Act of Settlement greatly pleased her, though, as she said, "I am too old to think of any other kingdom than that of Heaven." She died on the 8th of June, 1714, aged 84. Had she lived seven weeks longer she would have succeeded Queen

The Electress Sophia.

What
is thy
name?

Sophia.

Anne who died on the 1st of August, aged 49, and would have been, instead of her son George, the first of the present dynasty to sit upon the throne of Great Britain.

In 1682, her son George had married SOPHIA DOROTHEA, his cousin, then in her 16th year, daughter of the Duke of Zelle. Twelve years afterwards he put her away, and for the next thirty, till she died, she was kept in dignified captivity under a military guard at her ancestral seat of Ahlden. The peasants would sometimes see her—they knew her by her long black hair and her glittering diamonds—driving over the heath, now and again with the reins in her own hand, but always surrounded by a band of cavalry with their swords drawn. She had two children, “a King that was to be, and a Queen that was to be, George II. of England, and Sophia Dorothea of Prussia,

What
is thy
name?

Sophia

but must not now call them hers, or ever see them again."

On the same day on which she was put away, a certain young man, Count Philip of Konigsmarck, mysteriously disappeared. A hundred and eighty years afterwards a box of letters was found in a Swedish Library, and the miserable and tragic story of that long past December night was brought to light.

SOPHIA DOROTHEA, 1687-1757, daughter of George I., married her cousin, Frederick William, King of Prussia, when she was nineteen, and became the mother of Frederick the Great. Her husband, a very cruel man, thought nothing of striking his son even in presence of his troops, and was more than once on the point of putting him to death. But the mother's love made up for the father's hate, and Frederick repaid her well. She was a widow for 17 years, and whenever she addressed the King as "Your Majesty," he would say, "Call me Son; that is the title I like best."

There was another woman of this name, SOPHIA CHARLOTTE, the mother of Frederick the Great's father, born 1669, wedded 1684, died 1705. Her husband, who used to call her *Fiechen*, that is *little Sophie*, was, says Carlyle, "a solid, honest, if somewhat explosive bear; whatever quarrels they had, capable of being healed again." She had fourteen children, but her heart was wrapped up in the oldest, Frederick-William. He was sent out on his travels in his 17th year, and a few days afterwards a piece of paper was found on which she had drawn the picture of a heart with the French word *PARTI*, *Gone*, printed over it. Sophia is known in history as the Queen who solaced herself during the long-drawn-out service at her husband's Coronation by taking a pinch of snuff—a thing considered very scandalous, yet surely no worse than what our own grandfathers did who passed their snuff-boxes to each other from pew to pew every Sabbath, just as their descendants eat peppermints and chocolates to keep themselves awake and make the time they spend in the house of God pass pleasantly.

Susan.

Some years ago at a roadside railway station in Wigtownshire, having some acquaintance in those parts, I asked a little boy who was playing about the waiting-room what his father's name was, and what his mother's. The second question seemed to puzzle him. "What does your father call her?" I said. The look of puzzlement gave way to a look of distress, and fearing I had pained him, I sought to change the subject. The boy, however, continued marching up and down, and at last, greatly to my relief, replied, "He ca's her SHOOSHAN." It was perhaps the first time in his life he had ever called her anything but "Mother," and it may be he was feeling he was treading on holy ground.

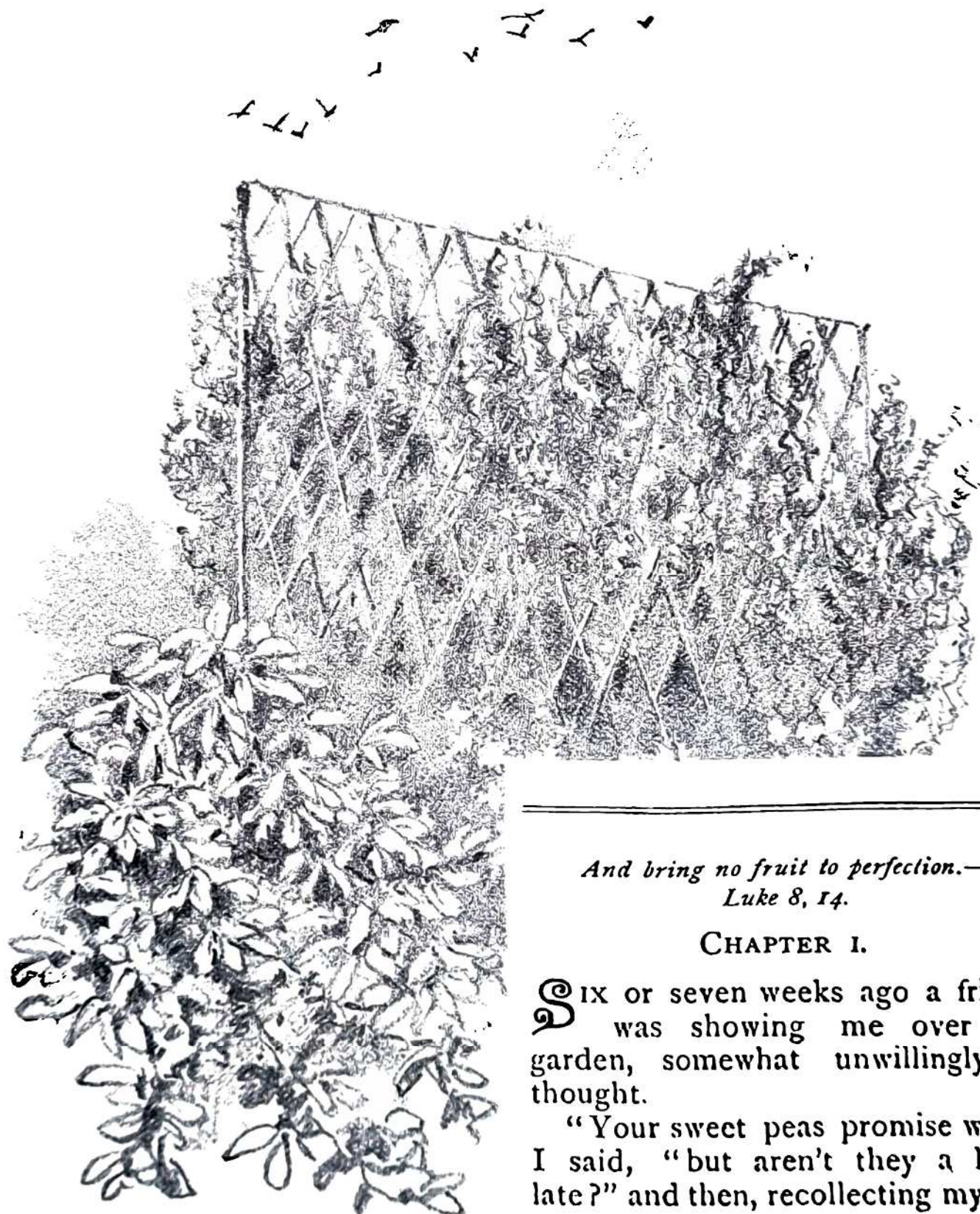
SUSAN, which means *lily*, is the Hebrew word *Shushannah*, so that the little lad's pronunciation was not so far amiss.

"If you go to Dundee," wrote Mrs. Carlyle to her husband sixty-three years ago, "you might spend a day very pleasantly with *those good Stirlings*." The good Stirlings—a fine name to go down with into history—were a worthy engineer and his wife SUSAN HUNTER.

What
is thy
name?

Susan.

Carlyle called and found them gone out. "I remember hearing afterwards," he says, "that Susan had from her windows with a prospect glass singled me out on the chaotic deck of the steamer about to leave, and kept me steadily in view for about an hour, in spite of crowds and confusions, till we actually steamed away : which seemed curious."



*And bring no fruit to perfection.—
Luke 8, 14.*

CHAPTER I.

SIX or seven weeks ago a friend was showing me over his garden, somewhat unwillingly, I thought.

"Your sweet peas promise well," I said, "but aren't they a little late?" and then, recollecting myself,

I added, "but I have heard several people say this has not been a good sweet pea year."

"Yes," he replied, "they are late, but I hope, *I hope*, they'll come out all right. I shall be sorry if they don't turn out well, for a friend sent me seeds from some famous growers in Lincolnshire. It made my mouth water to read the descriptions on the packets. I can still say some of them off by heart—'Queen Victoria, soft yellow, subtly overlaid with faint purple'—that kind of thing, you know. But I hope they'll come out all right. If we just had a week of good sunshine—that's all that's needed."

CHAPTER II.

I saw my friend again the other day.

"Awful weather, isn't it?" he said, "wettest months they tell me that we have had since Scotland became a nation, or at least for several hundred years."

"Yes," I said, "things are not looking well; stooks still out in the fields. And oh! by the way, what about your sweet peas?"

"Came to nothing! And the grievous thing is they were so strong and healthy looking; such stalks and tendrils and such buds! I never saw their equal. And only one flower bloomed—literally only one—as if to show me what I had lost—the softest yellow you ever saw 'subtly overlaid' and all the rest of it. I don't know when I was more vexed."

"And can you not account for it?" I asked.

"Yes, I can account for it only too well. *I planted them a month too late!*"

"That's a pity," I said.

"Isn't it? and the worst of it is, it's typical; man, *it's typical!* It's the same with everything I do, inside my garden, and outside my garden. I planted my vegetables too late the same way, and now, instead of going out and taking what I want fresh of my own, I have to go to a shop and buy threepence worth."

"And you don't get much for threepence," I said.

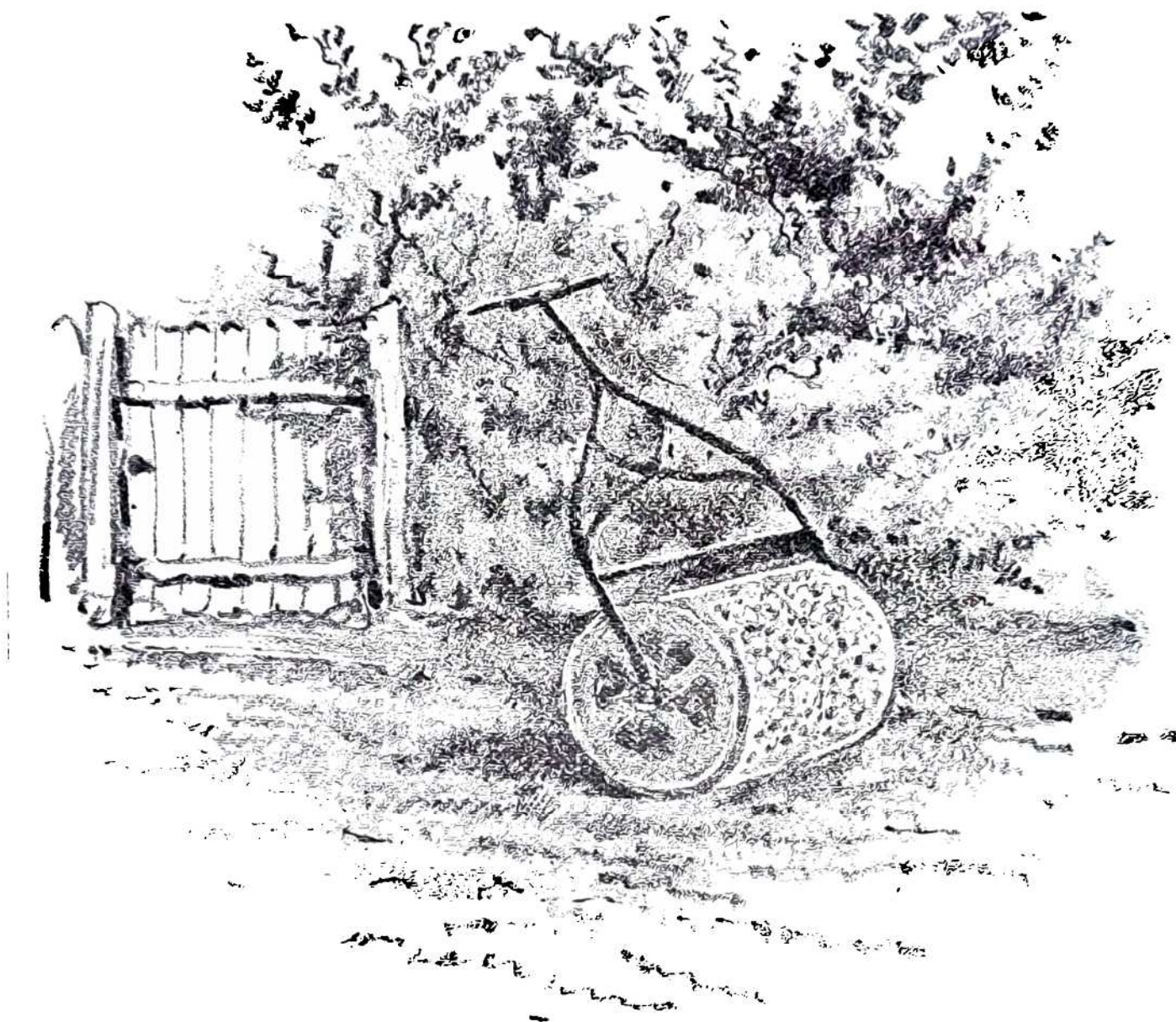
"That's so! But I hope I have learnt a lesson, and, please God, it shan't happen next year."

"Yes," I said, "it *is* a lesson to you. There's a time to *reap*, but there is also a time to *sow*. And do you know, my garden went the same way this year!"

"Oh! I see," said my friend, "that's why you are so good at giving *me* advice!"

"Precisely!" I said, "the critics are the men that have failed. But we must both do better next year, and if we are to do better next year, we had better begin to-day. There's a time to sow, but there is also a time to redd up, and a time to delve, and we might both with advantage do twenty minutes' work in that line this very afternoon before it gets too dark."





*Every good gift and every perfect boon
is from above, coming down from
the Father of lights.—James I, 17
(R.V.)*

*He hath made everything beautiful in its
time.—Eccles. 3, 11 (R.V.)*

CHAPTER I.

As long as old Mr. Goodshaw was
living the little grass lawn in

front of his cottage was kept in
perfect order. He cut it twice and
often three times a week, and when
he had nothing else to do he would
roll it up and down and across and
across. It was sixteen yards long,
and ten broad, and, had he been
young, to cut it and pare the edges
would have taken him less than
half-an-hour. As he got older it

took him longer. Being an accurate methodical man he always kept note of the time, just as Prof. Sir Robert Christison of Edinburgh kept a record of the time he spent in taking his favourite walk from the College Gate to the top of Arthur Seat.

"Well, how long to-day?" Mrs. Goodshaw would say.

"Exactly an hour and twenty minutes, ten minutes more than last year, and if it goes on increasing at the same rate, it will soon be a whole day's work, and if I live long enough, a whole month's!"

The last time of cutting for the year, usually early in November, was always a solemn day to him. He took great pains with it. It made the place look tidy all winter when it was well done, he would say, and then he would add, "I wonder if I'll ever do it again."

CHAPTER II.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Goodshaw, who had the same orderly ways, tried always, for his sake, to have the little lawn nicely done before winter set in. But in the year of which I am writing there had been unusually heavy rains most of September and October, and the grass of the little plot began to have an unkempt look, and that made her fret. Then the young man, her neighbour, who always did it for her, and did it willingly, turned ill. "Oh dear!" she would say, "I wonder what he would have said if he had seen the state it's in."

In the middle of October there came a week with a strong drying

wind from the north and not a drop of rain, and the green looked worse than ever. And now Saturday had come, and though there was frost her rheumatism told her the rain was on its way back again.

CHAPTER III.

The children round about were all going to the hills that day on the chance of getting brambles. Willie Hamilton was going too, as soon as his mother had done her early shopping. When she came in she said, "I'm so sorry for old Mrs. Goodshaw, she's in such distress about that plot of hers. It's a pity old people get into such a state about things, but I suppose it can't be helped. You couldn't do it for her, Willie? It will keep you from going for the brambles, but it would please the old body. I did one or two things myself for an old body like her when I was a girl, and there are few things now I have more satisfaction in looking back upon. It would please me as well as her, real well, Willie, if you would do it."

CHAPTER IV.

The grass was long, and the mower was blunt, and Willie had never worked one before. But he did his best, though it took him two hours, and the marks of the knives were here and there in evidence. He had no broom to brush it with, but he used a rake. Before the raking was done, the frost "took the air," as they say, and the rain began to come down, as did also showers of leaves from a lime and a weeping ash in the adjoining plot.

But still he stuck to his work ; and then he tried the roller. It was heavy enough for him, but Willie was of the tribe of "never say die," and he pushed, and tugged, and better tugged, and rolled away.

CHAPTER V.

While he was resting a little, the sweat pouring off him, who should pass by but young Mr. Ransom, then a designer, but afterwards partner in the firm of Credell Credells Ransom & Credell, the great carpet people. He had been asked to suggest a pattern for a carpet for one of the chief rooms in the addition the young laird was making to the Castle. Seeing the little lad blowing like a 'puffing Billie,' he stopped and spoke to him, and while he was speaking, suddenly noticed that the wet leaves and grass sticking on the roller had formed the loveliest design in soft green with the delicate autumn tints of gold and amber and russet brown. "Hold on a minute, please," he cried, "don't move the roller till I've made a sketch of it. I've got the

very idea I have been hunting for all week !"

CHAPTER VI.

The bramble-gatherers came home drenched with a few small berries and many large scratches, but they had some good fun all the same.

Mr. Ransom gave Willie a whole sixpence to himself, which I am glad to say went into the Savings Bank that same night along with other twelve ha'pennies he had been laboriously accumulating for some weeks. Mr. Ransom, further, having heard the whole story of that morning's work, brought Willie's mother a pretty little shawl after he got word that her "son's design," as he called it, had been accepted in preference to other three that Lady Jean had got from Kensington. But what pleased Willie most, and stuck longest in his memory, were the tears of joy that ran down Mrs. Goodshaw's cheeks when she stood on the front steps as he was taking away the roller to its place, and said, "It is just beautiful ! Oh but I'm glad ! oh but I'm glad ! Am I not the glad woman this night !"

Reasons for not going to Church. 9th Series.—No. 12.

This young woman did not go yesterday—the one day of her life when she had need to go—because she is to be married on Thursday, and she was afraid people would be staring at her. The marriage is to be a public one, and she is now writing to the printer to tell him that the 500 cards of admission have all been applied for, and she wishes 150 more.

N.B.—The average attendance on Sabbaths is 320.



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| 1 | S | Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness : |
| 2 | M | For they shall be filled.— <i>Matt. 5, 6.</i> |
| 3 | TU | The God which fed me all my life long.— <i>Gen. 48, 15.</i> |
| 4 | W | Thou preparest a table before me.— <i>Ps. 23, 5.</i> |
| 5 | TH | Have ye here anything to eat?— <i>Luke 24, 41 (R. V.)</i> |
| 6 | F | He satisfieth the longing soul.— <i>Ps. 107, 9.</i> "The greatest delight of all is to possess the sledging appetite in the midst of plenty."— <i>Captain Scott's Voyage of the Discovery.</i> |
| 7 | S | Likewise of the fishes, as much as they would.— <i>John 6, 11.</i> |

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|----|----|---|
| 8 | S | The Everlasting God giveth power to the faint.— <i>Is. 40, 29.</i> |
| 9 | M | He knoweth our frame.— <i>Ps. 103, 14.</i> When the late Sir W. W. Hunter, K.C.S.I., was a young man in India, and ill, his chief sent him his office-boxes as usual by a red-coated messenger, but when he opened them, he found them full of—not documents but—grapes and apples! |
| 10 | TU | Jesus said, Come ye yourselves apart, and rest a while.— <i>Mark 6, 31.</i> |
| 11 | W | The Angel touched Elijah, and said, Arise and eat.— <i>1 Kings 19, 5.</i> |
| 12 | TH | And, behold, at his head a cake baked on the coals, and a cruse of water. |
| 13 | F | Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.— <i>Ps. 41, 3.</i> |
| 14 | S | For so He giveth His beloved sleep.— <i>Ps. 127, 2.</i> |

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| 15 | S | The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour.— <i>Judg. 6, 12.</i> |
| 16 | M | Taking the shield of faith. |
| 17 | TU | And take the helmet of salvation, |
| 18 | W | And the sword of the Spirit.— <i>Eph. 6, 16.</i> |
| 19 | TH | I have fought the good fight.— <i>2 Tim. 4, 7 (R. V.)</i> |
| 20 | F | They overcame the Devil.— <i>Rev. 12, 11.</i> "The trouble was that at first our commanders never went out to lick anybody, but always thought first of keeping from getting licked."— <i>Gen. Sherman, U.S. Army.</i> |
| 21 | S | We are more than conquerors through Him That loved us.— <i>Rom. 8, 37.</i> |

| | | |
|----|----|---|
| 22 | S | The terror of God.— <i>Gen. 35, 5.</i> |
| 23 | M | The devils believe, and shudder.— <i>James 2, 19 (R. V.)</i> No, no—we have outlived All passions ; terror now alone is left us. I have within me great capacities For terror : fear, the last, the greatest passion. — <i>Stephen Phillips' Nero.</i> |
| 24 | TU | What have we to do with Thee, Jesus, Thou Son of God?— <i>Matt. 8, 29.</i> |
| 25 | W | Art Thou come hither to torment us before the time? |
| 26 | TH | A certain fearful expectation of judgment.— <i>Heb. 10, 27 (R. V.)</i> |
| 27 | F | They said to the mountains, Fall on us, and hide us.— <i>Rev. 6, 16.</i> |
| 28 | S | I flee unto Thee to hide me.— <i>Ps. 143, 9.</i> |

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| 29 | S | Remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee.— <i>Deut. 8, 2.</i> |
| 30 | M | Know therefore this day that the Lord thy God is He which goeth over before thee.— <i>Deut. 9, 3 (R. V.)</i> |
| 31 | TU | THEY FOLLOWED JESUS. THEN JESUS TURNED, AND SAW THEM FOLLOWING.— <i>John 1, 37.</i> |